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THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904

No. 50



# MIRROR SAINT LOUIS



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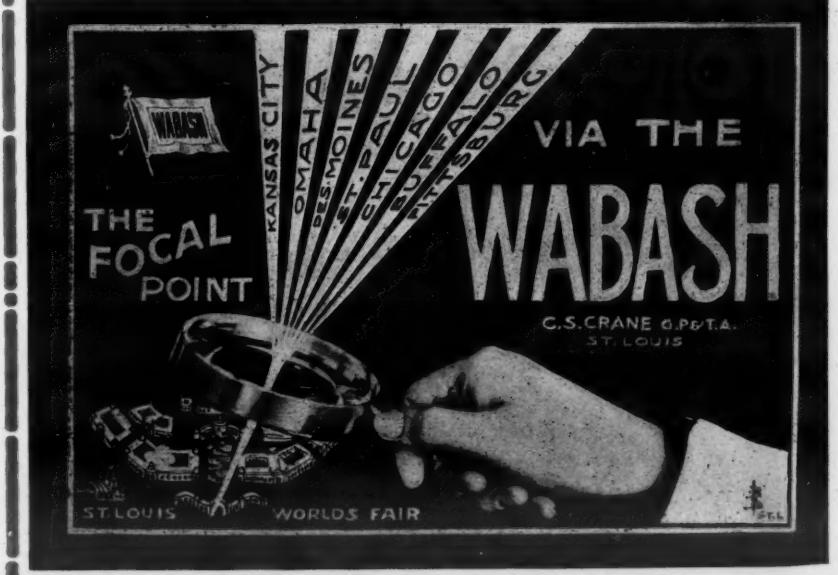
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# The Mirror

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## Of Such is the Kingdom of Folk

THE appended letter came to the MIRROR office on Thursday, the 14th inst. It was written on a letter head of the Stone Hill Wine Company, proprietors of the Stone Hill Vineyards. The letter-head informs us that the concern was "established 1847; incorporated 1898; that the trade-mark is a bunch of grapes labeled "Black Pearl;" that the president is Geo. Stark, and the secretary and treasurer Ottmar G. Stark. Here is the letter:

Hermann, Mo., Jan. 13, 1904.

*The Mirror, Ozark Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.:*

Gentlemen:—My subscription to your paper will expire August 7th, this year. You will do me a great favor from that time on to discontinue to mail me that publication, which, apparently, is published altogether in the interests of corruption and boodlers. I have not read the paper for months, for most every issue has articles therein throwing dirt at the most admirable man we have in Missouri, to-wit, Hon. Jos. Folk. Even though you were throwing bouquets at Folk, he would not need feel flattered, considering the source whence same came. I have formerly always admired your paper, but I hate it now, and not only the paper, but the publishers. The three large cities in Missouri may side with the boodlers, but you can depend on it that all smaller places in this State are for honest government and Jos. Folk. Yours truly,

O. G. STARK.

Dic't by O. G. S., Sten. L. B.

Mr. O. G. Stark, writer of the foregoing letter, the active manager of the Stonehill Wine Company of Hermann, Mo., was taken in custody at the company's plant on or about August 15, 1899, by United States Marshal Bohle and several deputies, who also seized the plant.

The raid was made on information that the then Revenue Collector, H. C. Grenner, had received to the effect that Mr. O. G. Stark had, from time to time, manufactured highwines at Hermann, Mo., and failed to pay the regular government license of \$1.10 per gallon.

According to the evidence, Mr. Grenner claims to have had, the government had been defrauded out of fully \$15,000 or \$20,000 through Mr. Stark or his company. The case never reached the courts, because strong political influence was brought to bear in Washington, and Collector Grenner was advised to accept a compromise, which was finally agreed to—Mr. Stark paying the sum of \$1,500.

Mr. Grenner at the time, and has since, declared that the case should have been tried, as his department, he declared, had ample evidence.

Mr. Ottmar Stark's father, Mr. George Stark, who is president of the Stone Hill Wine Company, bears an enviable reputation for honesty and integrity, and was exonerated by the government officer who made the raid on the plant and seized the contraband goods.

As for Mr. Ottmar Stark, hereinabove exhibited—*of such is the kingdom of Folk.*

Next!

## Wee Willie Hearst ⚡ Mr. Bryan's Protege

By John H. Raftory

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, college graduate, millionaire, *bon vivant*, editor, congressman, labor champion, candidate for the Presidency of the United States, is a personage to be reckoned with.

He is as much an American as Theodore Roosevelt. In many ways he is more typical of this young nation than is Roosevelt. The mingled bloods of the roundhead and the cavalier are apparent in the President. The "all around" qualities of him are more characteristic of the nurtured English, Irish or Scotchman, than of the young American of the last half century.

Setting aside all questions of heredity, Roosevelt looms as an unusual type of young America. Poor in the beginning of his career, he remains poor at the zenith of his success. Of what is called "good family," he has leaned not at all upon his forbears.

Student, horseman, humanitarian, athlete, scientist, hunter, writer, frontiersman, gentleman and soldier—such is the now President of the United States. Such examples of "all around" manhood have not been rare in Europe, at least, not rare among the island races. But they have been rare in the century and a quarter of history made by this nation. Whatever may be said in criticism of Theodore

Roosevelt and his achievements, none can accuse him of being the creature of wealth or of having bought his place in the world with money.

So far as I have been able to learn, Theodore Roosevelt, in his youthful and college days, never planned nor plotted his future career. There were reasons for his trusting his future to fate. He did not have money. He was self-dependent, and he knew it. I daresay, knowing the almost primitive strength and simplicity of the man, that he had in those early days no more concrete plan for the future than the elemental and guileless purpose to be a useful, courageous and clean factor in life as he found it.

William Randolph Hearst, the son of a well-known, if not distinguished, Senator, inherited millions. During his college days he determined to be a journalist, and with precocious deliberateness, set himself to the task of qualifying for that field of journalism which appealed to his ambition. The people of the United States know well what field that was, and how the Hearst newspapers have filled it. He appealed to the illiterate, the unfortunate, the scandal-mongers, the socialists, the discontented, the cranks, the riff-raff. That means that he captured the clientage which reads seldom, and is glad to think by proxy. The

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Hearst newspapers offered to, and did do the thinking for their readers. For the thousands who could not read, there were pictures, more pictures, and always pictures.

Men of genius were hired and urged to make the most brutal and insulting caricatures of public men. Masters of invective—some of the best editorial writers of the world—were employed to flay good and great men for the delectation of the vindictive mob. The Hearst newspaper did not speak to the people, it screamed at them, and it caught on with the sort that is not aware of finer hints than a wallop with an axe. The Hearst newspaper boasted that it would bring on a war with Spain; did all in its power to that end; assumed the responsibility, and, since then, claimed the credit for every advantage that has accrued from that war and its logical consequence.

Boasting eternally of its democracy, the Hearst newspaper has, from the first, been a sort of court-calendar for the shady love affairs, society gossip, scandal and filth of European aristocracy. It made Harry Lehr famous, gave Czolgovszky his inspiration, fomented more labor discontent than a decade of fair prosperity could satisfy, and, generally, lived up to the ideals set up by the young millionaire who bought his editorial "fame" as he now proposes to buy his political pre-eminence.

William Randolph Hearst is the embodiment of a famous bit of American irony—"You can do anything with money." He is the millionaire become the Moses of the poor. He buys brains for his papers, but warns labor against impending serfdom. He rails at the money power which has the Republican party by the throat, and then coolly proposes to buy his way into the Democratic nomination for President. He has two reasons for his candidacy; first,—he wants to be President. Second,—he has the price. This latest ambition of the young millionaire was born in his fertile brain about five years ago. Then he deliberately set about "qualifying" for the high place. He quit "sporting" and took a wife. Then he began the study of political economy, finance and international law; ran for Congress and was elected; established a Hearst propaganda in every State and territory, and turned his newspapers into fulsome boosters of the man who owns and edits them.

The Democratic committeemen who meant to hold the convention in Chicago, were frightened into choosing St. Louis by the dread that Hearst might use the *Chicago American* for the purpose of stampeding the convention to himself. This confession of his power was taken, and rightly, as an evidence of his ascendancy in the Democratic party. Instead of seeing a rebuke to his arrogance, the Hearst henchmen hugged one another and hastened to St. Louis to start a newspaper there that will shriek the Hearst slogan in every one of its dozen daily editions.

It is said, upon authority, that Hearst has two million dollars to dump into the campaign fund the day he is nominated, and the statement has not been denied by his adherents. There is no reason to doubt that he will go before the convention with a strong and solid delegation in his vest pocket, and if he does not capture the nomination for himself, he will, at least, have a loud voice in the choice of the ticket and in the framing of the platform.

The Hearst gall is in proportion to the Hearst wealth. The young millionaire believes that it is as easy to be a President as to be an editor, and he is taking himself quite seriously in his ambition to sit in the White House. I presume that he would be the same sort of President as he is editor, and, judging by the circulation and popularity of his newspapers, it is quite fair to presume that a great number of men and women would be quite proud and glad to see him ruler of the greatest nation on earth. It is pretty hard to believe in the sincerity of so egregious a boaster as Hearst's newspapers have shown him to be, and yet I am assured that he is intensely in earnest in his championing of labor, and in his advocacy of that socialism which is his hobby. The crass vulgarity of his newspapers is probably the best compliment he could pay to that clientage to which he caters most assiduously, but if that quality is not a reflex of the Hearst character, it must be an evidence of the most sordid and obsequious time-serving.

Mr. Hearst is proud of the epithet "yellow" as applied to his newspapers, though his definition of the term does not conform to the application it has acquired. Evidently he sees no impropriety or bad taste in exploiting himself by name and portrait in

his own columns. It is difficult to believe, in view of his manner of pursuing the office, that Mr. Hearst can have a very exalted idea of the dignity of that honor or of the value of a public opinion that could endure his presence in the chair of Washington and Lincoln. Similar animadversions were passed upon his first adventures into journalism, but he proved to his own satisfaction and to the dismay, and perhaps disgust, of many wise and decent people, that there is not only a big field, but a steady demand in the United States for the saffron style of journalism. He may now show us a few tricks in yellow politics.

Young Mr. Hearst's intimates say that he is a steadfast friend and a vindictive enemy. He has a quick intelligence, a disciplined mind and extraordinary adaptability. He is given to strong prejudices, and is yet impressionable to a degree. His face is pale and far from prepossessing. His mouth is large enough, but it is not of the eloquent, generous type. His eyes are too close together to seem frank or commanding, but their shrewd expression contradicts the impression of boyishness given by his youthful face and pale mustache. The shape of his head denotes combativeness, patience, industry and self-esteem, and the whole bearing of the man expresses deliberation and supreme confidence.

William Randolph Hearst may fail of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency; he may be scorned and flouted by the conservatives and elders of that old party, but I predict that he will become a power in the future politics of this country. I do not believe he will be a beneficent power, nor that his influence will endure, but he is the kind of man that will play the game till he has had his inning. He boasts of having precipitated a war. Well, he may start another war.

He is already hailed as the voice of organized labor; the seer of socialism; the expression of unrest; the truth Goliath's David; the protege and pupil of Bryan. His newspapers are read and believed by millions, and he has millions of money. Quite an equipment for an intelligent, determined, unconsciously ambitious young American!

Little Willie will bear watching—and that's not half a joke, neither.

## Why Mr. Hawes Should Be Governor

By William Marion Reedy

**M**R. HARRY B. HAWES has come out for the Democratic nomination for Governor. The meeting at which he declared himself was a big one. All kinds of people were there—ward men, the Mayor, society people, working men, judges, bankers, city officials. The crowd stood for the city as a whole. And Mr. Hawes was that crowd's "white-haired boy." The enthusiasm was not "dope." It was natural. The interest shown was intense. Will Mr. Hawes get the solid St. Louis delegation to the State convention? Well, I guess yes. That crowd proved it.

Mr. Hawes' speech was plain. No comment upon it could make it plainer. He asks the nomination from his party as a party man, on the strength of what he has done for his party. What he has done for his party he has done for the city. Good government is the issue. The Democracy has given the city good government. Good government means honest, efficient men in office. Such men are in every elective office in St. Louis, and in all the appointive offices. No

need to spread on this. It is a fact known of all. Is Hawes responsible for it? The testimony of the men of his party is that he is responsible.

Mr. Hawes took a number of cracks at Mr. Folk, his rival for the nomination. He had to do it. Why? Because Mr. Folk, asking for Democratic support, declares his party is corrupt and needs cleansing. Mr. Folk ignores the fact that in St. Louis good government came in with Democracy, after a riot of Republican corruption that sickened the citizens. Mr. Hawes attacked Mr. Folk because Mr. Folk said that the only remedy for corruption was to elect him, Folk. Mr. Hawes denied that his whole party contained only one honest man, Folk. Mr. Hawes denied that all the men who opposed Folk's nomination were "boodlers." He showed, what we all know, that all the indicted boodlers were not Democrats, that most of them were Republicans. Mr. Folk was shown to be a misrepresentative of facts, when he intimated that the present State officials concealed corruption. Mr. Hawes condemned Mr. Folk for appealing from the Supreme

Court to the mob, and made a strong plea for respect for the law as laid down. Mr. Hawes defended his party from the charge that it was corrupt, and defended the whole State against the insinuation that its people were allied together in favor of wrongdoing, and against Mr. Folk.

Mr. Hawes' speech made one thing plain—that the Democratic party will not have the Republican party to fight this year. It will be busy meeting the charges made against it by one of its members seeking its highest honors. Mr. Folk is "doing himself up" by his pose as "the only honest man." He is doing his party up by accepting the accusation of his party's enemies as the theme of his appeal for himself. If Mr. Folk's charges are true, then the Democracy should be defeated. If what Mr. Folk says is right, then, if he should be nominated, he will have no answer when his own speeches against his party are quoted against him. The party cannot honor one who discredits it. 'Twould be folly to do so. The party must persist for the sake of its principles, held by honest men. And

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honest men,—the majority in every party—are not going to admit that they are dishonest, or that broad party principles should be sacrificed to give one man a job he fancies.

Mr. Hawes is a better man than Folk, for Governor, or anything else. He is bigger in brain and heart, more catholic in his sympathies, more in touch with humanity at all points; therefore, more able to help his fellowmen. Mr. Hawes is interested in more human activities, and his abilities are more diversified. Mr. Hawes is as clean as Mr. Folk. His supporters are in many, if not in most, instances, cleaner. His record is one of more and better, if less sensational, achievement than Mr. Folk's. He has done more for good government than Mr. Folk. He it was who battered boodlers to their knees, politically, and put them where Folk could attack them. Mr. Hawes it was who put the crooks out of control of his party organization in St. Louis. It was Mr. Hawes who put an end to the secret sale of nominations in St. Louis. It was Mr. Hawes who stopped the dicker between the crooks in both parties to put crooks in office. Mr. Hawes brought reform in his party by open organization. It was under the Hawes plan that Ziegenheinism was destroyed by the nomination of clean Democrats. Mr. Folk himself was a selection of Mr. Hawes for reform purposes. Mr. Hawes purified his party and the city government at the same time. Have Democrats been attainted of boddle? The fact is, of common knowledge, that all those so accused are known in the party as the enemies and the obstructionists of Mr. Hawes. No distinctive Hawes man has been indicted or convicted. Mr. Hawes has been a partisan, but a clean one. His record is unsmirched. Mr. Hawes has done more for St. Louis than Mr. Folk ever dreamed of doing. He has been doing it for years, and he has not become puffed up with pride to the extent of believing himself better than his party. Before Mr. Folk was heard of Mr. Hawes was fighting corruption and purifying the public service by putting good men in office. And he didn't find it necessary in his work to discredit his whole party and all his fellow citizens. Mr. Hawes worked for his party and his city. In saving the party in the city he saved the party in the State. Mr. Folk has done some good work, but he does not consecrate it to his city or his State. No sooner does he gain the public eye and ear than he begins to play for his own advancement, using his office for that end in every way, conniving at the misrepresentation of his fellow officials, his fellow Democrats, his fellow citizens. The whole community has been besmirched in order to whiten Folk. Mr. Folk has convicted some boodlers. Mr. Hawes has given the city a clean circuit bench, an efficient city administration in every branch, an array of honest office holders. Where boodle has been discovered, there was the quarter in which the Hawes influence and the Hawes following were least in evidence. No matter how Mr. Hawes and Mr. Folk may be contrasted, the result is to the advantage of Mr. Hawes, as a man, as a politician, as a public servant. Mr. Hawes has held no office but that of Police Commissioner. He has modernized the force. He has made it compare favorably in efficiency with the best forces in the world. He has enlarged its numbers and scope of work. As the head of the Democratic organization, he has done more for New St. Louis than any other man in the city. He has committed the party to honesty, progress, liberality in municipal government.

Against all that Mr. Hawes has done, stands only Mr. Folk's war on boodle. Mr. Hawes began the war on boodle and boodlers in his party. Of that war Mr. Folk is only an incident. He was elected, installed in office, instructed to do what he has done. And yet

Mr. Folk calls Mr. Hawes the boodlers' candidate. Mr. Hawes has done personally and officially as good work, and more work, and better work, and more durable work against corruption than Mr. Folk has done. He has put good men in office; that's positive work. Mr. Folk has exposed crooks, and now cries out, "How are we to stamp out corruption?" What is his answer? "Put me in office." Not, mind you, put good men in office, but "put me in office." The times are out of joint. What's the cure? Folk. As if there were no other honest men in Missouri.

Mr. Hawes would make a better Governor than Mr. Folk. His record as the head of the police department shows his efficiency. Mr. Folk has hardly justified the claims of his friends in the Circuit Attorney's office. Mr. Hawes, as head of the Jefferson Club, has shown capacity for such leadership as a Governor needs must exercise over a legislature. Mr. Hawes is broader than one idea. He can get away from himself and his interests. He has more than one theme of speech. His purposes are not solely self-inclusive. He is for things; not exclusively against things. He is constructive, not destructive. He is frank, while his rival is furtive. Mr. Hawes believes

in other men as well as in himself. Mr. Folk's world is centered in his own orbit. Mr. Folk is smooth and insinuating—an excellent thief-catcher, but too much of a *Chadband*. Mr. Hawes is more human than Folk on the warmer side. Mr. Folk is a "frost." Mr. Hawes can do something with men other than send them to the penitentiary. He picks men out to give their better qualities play. Mr. Folk is preaching "the abomination of desolation." Mr. Folk has but one cry, "boddle." Mr. Hawes stands for making men effective for good.

Mr. Hawes stands by his party. Mr. Folk, executing his party's command to expose corruption, identifies his party with corruption—a manifest inconsistency. Mr. Folk honored by his party, seeking further honors of his party, attacks his party. Mr. Folk seeks a negative good; Mr. Hawes works for positive good. Mr. Folk objects to Mr. Hawes' political methods, but his opportunity, his fame, are the creation of Mr. Hawes' methods. Mr. Folk befools or winks at the befoolment of his own people. Mr. Hawes stands up for the decency of the community.

Is there any question which is the better man to nominate for Governor of Missouri?

## Just Telling You About It

By William Marion Reedy

*The Ethics of Panama.* It is really ridiculous to observe how futile are all attempts to make an issue out of the present administration's "snap" recognition of revolted Panama, after backing the revolution. Everybody is agreed that the proceeding was a piece of sharp practice, of trickery and bulldozing; but Colombia was holding us up and—two wrongs make a right. Besides, we need the canal, and there was no other easier way to get it. Then the whole affair is one with a lot of *mestizo* republics anyhow, half-breed governments—and they don't count. The South is especially desirous of the early completion of the canal. It's money in the South's pocket. Why shouldn't the nigger nations be played and juggled with and bluffed? And, after all, what are we going to do about it? Shall we give up the canal because of some moral flaw in the title? That is the plea of President Roosevelt. There will be no Panama issue. The South has the Democracy bluffed. The President has the Republicans where they can't turn down a new slice of empire. Expediency is our modern god. Its other name is Destiny. All of which is sickening. Why not let us take the Nietzsche attitude? Yes; we take what we can by trick or force. There is no other law but that of the Overman. President Schuman is right. This country will grab Mexico, and all of South America. Let us hope there'll be no whangdoodling about it when 'tis done. We shall take who have the power, and they shall keep who can. All right! But let us not be a lot of sniveling hypocrites.



"Charlie" Joy.

SOME Republicans are talking of nominating ex-Congressman Charles F. Joy for Governor. This means trouble for the hitherto almost unobstructed boom for ex-Mayor Cyrus P. Walbridge. Mr. Joy is an experienced politician, and a man possessed of all the arts of popularity. He served in Congress a long time from this city, and he served well, with cred-

it to himself and his party, and with satisfaction to the people without regard to party. Now that the Republicans are beginning to divide upon candidates of their own, it is noticeable that there is a falling off in the supposed strength of that Democratic aspirant for the governorship for whom the Republican papers have been pleading and plugging for six months. There will be very little of a Folk boom left when the Republicans begin to discuss their own candidates.



*The Big Man and Big Idea.*

In all the talk there has been made about an "issue" between the candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor there has been but one thing broached that looks like an issue, and that lies in Mr. Hawes' declaration that if elected Governor of Missouri he will send as his first message to the Assembly a recommendation for the absolute and unconditional repeal of what is known as the special jury law. That special jury law was put upon the books by and for the corporations. It was designed to secure jurors of corporation tendencies to cut down damage verdicts against corporations. Its application to criminal law was and is a monstrously un-American thing. As Mr. Hawes says, this law is the most unfair and dangerous law now on the books. It is the beginning of a recognition of *caste* in American political life. It is not generally known that it is to such a law as this that men have been subjected in Missouri on trial for their liberty. Mr. Hawes says: "No artisan, mechanic or laborer has been permitted to sit on one of these special juries. Selecting men of certain occupations to act as special jurors and debarring men engaged in other occupations from trying criminal causes immediately raises the question whether honesty and good citizenship are to be conditioned by the vocations of men. Shall we say that men who perform certain kinds of work, that is work with their hands, are not honest and cannot be trusted as jurors, and men who earn their living in other ways are incapable? Do certain occupations so affect men's morals that they

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cannot give justice? Is the right of suffrage any dearer than the right of trial by jury by a man's peers? In securing which privilege has the Anglo-Saxon race spilled the most blood? The jury is one of the best means of making the people rule, and it also, by the education it affords, teaches them how to rule. All forms of labor in this country have been held to be honorable where carried on with honor. No form of labor has heretofore been held to be dishonorable. 'Every man in America,' as some one has said, 'works, has worked, or his parents have worked for him.' Superior intelligence is not a prerequisite of honesty. It may be that the use of special juries composed of men of a certain class may be necessary in the administration of justice, but if this be true, then we will have to radically change some of our established beliefs in the equality of men." The special jury law, as I have said, was enacted under the direction of the Missouri corporationists and monopolists. It provides a system whereby the party wanting a jury of a special class, subject to special prejudices, may have it by paying for it. The poor man cannot pay for it. Therefore the poor man cannot have it. The State, under the law, tries a man not by his peers, but by men who are by virtue of their possessions or their calling, something better than the ordinary man. The State tries a man, under this law, not by a jury selected to give a fair trial, but by a jury selected with a view to convict the defendant, a jury by environment and interest and prejudice inclined to be out of sympathy with and in open antipathy to the defendant. This special jury law is designed "to give the defendant the worst of it." The State cannot justly proceed against any citizen with intent to give him the worst of it. It can only proceed to ascertain fact. It becomes a tyrant when it makes a jury law that bars any law-abiding citizen from service. In this issue raised by Mr. Hawes there is embodied the whole issue of freedom—the right to life and liberty. The special jury law is a law based upon the dollar rather than the man. It is a law that puts property above men. It is a law that sends a man to trial before those most prejudiced against him. It is a law the essence of which is boodle. It is a law that enables the purchase of verdicts. Mr. Hawes says he will repeal this law if elected Governor. For such a boon alone it would be worth while to elect Mr. Hawes. Such a reform involves the whole sum and substance of the question of abolishing the lobby, establishing home rule, stamping out boodle. Mr. Hawes has given the only issue, the only idea thus far put forward in the campaign in Missouri. It is an issue big with thought in the development of which is true statesmanship. Mr. Hawes' discovery of it marks him as the big man of the Missouri situation. It shrivels the Folk issue to nothingness.



### Pauvre Du Barry.

ST. LOUIS has at last seen "Du Barry" after it had grown two years old, and more in the East. As the play unfolds itself at the Olympic this week, it isn't much. The story is thin and gauzy, though its scenic investiture is imposing. The pictures are striking, but they are pictures, tableaux—no more. There's no life in them to speak of. There is a great deal of automatic action, but most of it is meaningless. Mrs. Leslie Carter is not so convincing a *Du Barry* as she was a *Zaza*. This is odd, though the characters are not dissimilar. The why of it I don't pretend to be able psychologically to explain. It is my impression that the trouble with Mrs. Carter's art is that the lady herself is tired. She has been doing the rôle of *Du Barry* too long, and she shows a diminution of her former caloric. Her tempers and turmoils are

tame, and she appeared to me most affective in her pathetic shriveling up before her doom, as she was borne in the tumbril to the guillotine. That incident had truth in it. Anyone could see the pathos of beauty and blithe waywardness confronted with the horror which that beauty and waywardness, in many an incarnation other than *Du Barry*'s self, during many a gay century in Paris, had evoked from the wrung hearts and soddened souls of a people who existed that kings might amuse themselves. There was something in that last scene of the truth of history as given in Anne Boleyn's remark before the axe, that hers was so small a neck. Mrs. Carter is not the *Du Barry* of history. That would not do on the stage. *Du Barry* was hardly captivating in her ways. She was not a coquette. Her "work" was too coarse for description by that fine word. She was not even as charming as Mrs. Carter makes her in the bedroom scene. The play, with its excellent company, is interesting; but scarcely more than that. Mrs. Carter has improved in her art, to some extent, but then, the improvement shows sophistication, and that, in a measure, kills the charm. Mrs. Carter would be a better *Du Barry* if she retained some of the glaring gaucheries that marked her work in "The Heart of Maryland." Still, the *Du Barry* was a wicked woman. The swell ladies of the city turned out strongly with their escorts to see her frolic and suffer. They wouldn't walk on the same side of the street with a *Du Barry* of real life. They sniveled over the counterfeit article. What was it the poet said? Every woman is at heart a fake—or was it "a rake?" A little of both, perhaps, and no harm done, at that.



### The Robyn-Blossom Opus.

WE have seen and heard the "Yankee Consul" at the Century. Well—what of it? The thing was concocted by Mr. Alfred E. Robyn and Mr. Henry M. Blossom, the music by the first, the plot by the second. Messrs. Robyn and Blossom are St. Louisans. Is their work any the better or the worse for that? Not a bit. The music is good. There is a great deal of music; a great deal of Mr. Robyn's earlier music, as we remember it—*ehem fagaces!*—in "Jacinta" and "Manzanilla;" a great deal of a great many other men's music, men living and dead. Mr. Robyn is quite famous for writing everybody's music well, but his own. He doesn't copy. He simply seems to work as does a medium under a "control." He has the melodic knack, but somehow he doesn't quite stay for the distance. His score is full of things that may be called whistleable, but they are not inevitably so. They don't come from the right spot in maddening titillation, as do the "Bedelias" and "Hiawathas," or "Show de White o' Yo Eyes." They are not sincere. Mr. Robyn hasn't got the rag time feeling, though he comes near it. And when he essays something finer he still accomplishes the almost. His work pleases, but it doesn't grip one. It is pretty, rather than beautiful. It is only weakly lively. It has a sort of "phoney" sparkle to it. There's a frippery flippancy in the style that makes you suspect that here's some chamber music on a mild sort of lark. This music lacks heart and body—to say nothing of entrails. It is mostly mnemonic, certainly not autogenetic. But it's pleasing. And one doubts if one should demand more than this. Mr. Blossom's share in the opus has more grit in it. Mr. Blossom is somewhat nearer to life than Mr. Robyn, and transcribes it more effectively and interprets it more sympathetically through his medium of expression. Mr. Blossom is not a George Ade; he is better. He's a considerable degree above Ade's vaudeville point of view on life, even though he comes down to that viewpoint at times. Still, Mr.

Blossom cannot be said exactly to descend. He rather condescends, don't you know? You feel that he'd rather be dabbling in a politer form of comedy. He has a goodly wit and a sort of cold-storage humor that catch on well. Mr. Blossom's inspiration cannot put off the atmosphere of the dress-suit. Yet he has a true satirist's view of life, and his criticism of it never becomes coarse. There's no denying that his work is genteel in the truest sense. He doesn't play exactly for the guffaw, but for the chuckle. Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, takes the lines and gives them the necessary broadness and emphasis, and gets the true and ever-to-be-desired dramatic effect. Mr. Hitchcock is a very good comedian, indeed. The entire company is good. The show is acceptable to people who go to the theater to enjoy themselves. It's only us poor devils who must be critical who find the faults. What a foolishness it is, come to think of it, to criticize anything like "The Yankee Consul!" It's better than any one who finds fault with it, could do in a decade. It is a pleasing show. And it's good to see that two St. Louisans can put up a decoction of the sort that is frivolous enough to make one think of it as just the sort of thing that would please New York.



### After the Man.

IS MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN "out for the stuff?" Strange how close we always find him to the money, recently! Remember the Bennett will case! And now see him snuggling under the wing of Millionaire Hearst!



### Stone and Bryan.

MR. WILLIAM JOEL STONE of Missouri is the man who secured the Democratic convention for St. Louis. I don't write this invidiously towards the members of the delegation who went to Washington to capture the prize. My authority for the statement is Rolla Wells, Mayor of St. Louis. He was there. Bryan did not want St. Louis to win. Are Stone and Bryan at odds? We shall see.



### No Outside Boss.

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Bryan will not, as reported, interfere in the selection of a Democratic candidate for Governor of Missouri. Mr. Bryan will make a grave mistake if he attempts to dictate party action in this State when he can't organize victory in his own commonwealth. Missouri Democrats will not be bossed by Bryan.



### Is It Herrick?

MR. HANNA says he will not be a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination and we must take his word for it. But will Mr. Hanna say that Mr. Myron T. Herrick of Ohio will not be a candidate? Herrick's name is quite frequently mentioned in the anti-Roosevelt camp in Missouri.



### Francis for President.

IF the East can dominate the National Democratic Convention to the extent of framing the platform, it will, probably, not go to the extreme of demanding to name the candidate, too. If Mr. Cleveland will not be acceptable to the West, and an extremist Westerner will not be acceptable to the East, the result must be a compromise. If the party wishes to win the favor of the business interests, it will favorably consider a business man, conversant with large affairs. Where will the convention look for such a man? It won't have to look; he will be here. He will welcome the convention here. His work will be in evidence colossally, in the biggest thing on earth, the World's

Fair. His will be no new name, his no new face to the people. He will be a Western Eastern man and an Eastern Western man; a man poised between North and South. He has had political administrative experience. The business people of all sections know him and like him and believe in him. He is placed where the whole country will focus this year. He would have a chance to talk to millions without leaving his home. If any man not silverite clean through would make an acceptable nominee, that man is David R. Francis of Missouri. If the West would accept Parker it could accept Francis. If the East would accept any Western man it could accept Francis. If the South wanted a Southern man it could get no one nearer a Southerner than Francis, who would be at the same time acceptable to the North. If the convention is to be impressed by object lessons, the World's Fair will appeal for Francis to every delegate and Francis will be on the ground to appeal for himself with all his personal graces and clevernesses. It seems to me that as the date for the National Convention draws nearer, David R. Francis will be more and more of a presidential possibility. Paste this in your hat!



### *Down the Knockers.*

THE St. Louis gentleman who went to Chicago to borrow money about two months ago, to carry on a wheat deal, and told stories which John W. Gates used to start a small bank panic in St. Louis, has been eliminated from the directories of some of the then imperiled institutions. The punishment is none too heavy for the man who thus "knocked" his own town. It is time to shelve all the "knockers," whether of business or political activity. St. Louis has been too much "put to the bad" by its own people to serve their own ends. Damn the man who can't boost himself without damning St. Louis, if he's worth a damn!



### *"Gus" Thomas, Orator.*

If the plans of Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, are carried out, the spokesman of the New York delegation to the St. Louis convention will be Augustus Thomas, the playwright, and a St. Louis boy. Leader Murphy regards Thomas as the most attractive orator in the country. His manner, with its whimsical sincerity, will certainly be unique in political or convention eloquence. New York votes under the unit rule, and as Tammany will have a majority of the delegates, "Gus" Thomas will place the name of Col. George B. McClellan, Mayor of New York, before the convention as the Empire State's candidate for President. Mr. Thomas is temporarily residing in Paris, but will return early in June.



### *Davenport and Hearst.*

HAS Homer Davenport once again repeated his aforetime trick of turncoat? The appearance of cartoons of him in Mr. Pulitzer's papers leads to no other conclusion. All these years Mr. W. R. Hearst has been nursing Davenport against the time when he should need him in behalf of his own presidential campaign. It would be the acme of irony if all that nursing, all that bearing with bluff and arrogance, should prove, after all, powerless against the other's talent for selling himself to the highest bidder. It is only a few years ago that Davenport attempted identically the same thing; he went to the New York *World* for a higher offer; took that and marched back to Mr. Hearst with it as a lever for a "raise." It was at a time when his work in political campaigns made him valuable; his axe-method of caricature was worth retaining, and Mr. Hearst allowed himself to be

bluffed. The bluffing has gone on ever since. Davenport's work has been inconsiderable in volume and value; his chickens and his horses in New Jersey may have been successes, but his drawings were not. But Mr. Hearst was thinking, I am sure, of the future. Davenport was useful in political cartooning; there was no doubt of that; so he must be retained. In other work, in any work, for instance, where personality counted, he was of small account. Witness the memorable fiasco with Gladstone at Hawarden. How long will it be until we find Davenport mercilessly cartooning his former benefactor and friend for the money of Mr. Hearst's rivals?



### *Chivalry of Divorce.*

A COMMON newspaper comment upon the divorce problem is that more women than men bring suit for divorce, and, therefore, men must be worse than women. Well, men are worse than women, but not because more women than men make complaint for divorce. There is a chivalry of divorce—grown up, how, none can say—that declares that the man shall never accuse or complain or petition, if evasion be possible. The idea is that where divorce is necessary the man shall put no stain upon the woman for any cause, and so it occurs that the record of a divorce often shows the man the injuring party, when he was, in fact, the injured. And, queerly enough, this chivalry of divorce sometimes becomes perverted into an hideous mockery by the circumstance that a man desirous to be free, yet not wishing to go on record as accusing the woman, and having nothing of which to accuse her, coerces her or bribes her to assume the role of plaintiff, when she really does not want a divorce at all. So we see that the statistics don't exactly figure out the superior meanness of men, in the way some people suppose, while the facts of life and the practice show that men are even meaner than the statistics referred to would tend to indicate.



### *The Terminal Error.*

As the time for the World's Fair opening comes closer, it is becoming increasingly evident that the objection to, and obstruction of, the proposed ordinance for the improvement and enlargement of terminal facilities was the most dastardly blow at the city's best interests that has ever been struck. A makeshift arrangement of terminals may possibly do for the Fair period, but the makeshift that may do for eight months will not do for all the years that are to come after the Fair. Our business Council—God save the mark!—has done more to retard Fair work at the critical rush time than all the other backwardness of the community during the past three years.



### *The Pope and Fashion.*

SOME people are much concerned over the alleged declaration of Pope Pius X, against *decollte* gowns, but they need not worry. Priests and popes and pontiffs and principalities and powers are a fine bunch of fantastic futilities when they presume to set up their wills or wishes against Fashion. The *decollte* gown will remain, even though the famous "curse of Ernulphus," translated and travestied in "Tristram Shandy," and again in the "Ingoldsby Legends" were launched against it. The church or the churches have had a great hold upon women, but never a hold strong enough to force the sex to abandon any style or mode it fancied. Pope Pius X. will have to back down from his dictum of dislike of the low-cut gown. The ladies,—God bless 'em!—are very religious, but they feel generally, that, in the matter of gowns, it is indeed hell to be "out of fashion," and they will take

a chance on an hereafter threatened them "with bell, book and candle" rather than face the certainty of being without the pale in gowns here and now.



### *Filthy Lucre.*

AN English visitor to the city last week went to one of the banks and chequed out an hundred dollars. As the bills were placed in his hand he turned to a friend and said, "I've heard of dirty money, but you people in the States have the dirtiest, foulest money in the civilized world." He was right. Our paper money is filthy and unpleasant to sight and touch—most of it. A look at any roll of bills, however small, will convince anyone that United States money must be a germ bearer beyond all competition. We should have clean money. Most of us have so little that it wouldn't break the government to give it to us clean.



### *Art and the Tariff.*

MRS. "JACK" GARDINER, of Boston, whose home is a palace of rare art, open for the most part, to the people of Boston, forgot to "declare" to the customs officers a number of paintings, sculptures and articles de virtu. They were discovered, and the lady was taxed \$200,000 for her oversight. This is truly high art, but it is small in our great government thus to "soak" a lady who has given the public such a gift as her museum-home on the Fens, which was described at length in a recent issue of the *Century Magazine*. That tariff of ours is a lovely institution. It throttles business and art and philanthropy or anything else that falls in its clutch. And all for what? For the benefit of a few scheming manufacturers who sell their products cheaper abroad than to their patrons at home.



### *Mr. Bryan's Predicament.*

IN all the talk there is about Democratic presidential possibilities, one fact appears to have been recently overlooked, and that is that the candidate will depend upon the platform. That the platform will have to recognize the platforms of 1896 and 1900 is as certain as that it will have to be modified in a way to make it repudiate those platforms, if there is to be any hope of victory. Will Mr. Bryan and his adherents tolerate a recession from the last two platforms? Hardly. Can Bryan, after his utterances, afford to straddle? No. His course must be to become more radical rather than less, or he loses his grip. He must break the party or the party must break him. He cannot, out of respect for himself, submit to any enunciation that shelves the doctrines he made dominant in the party for the past six years. If it be true that he was snubbed, as reported, at the meeting of the National Democratic Committee, it seems likely that he will be forced to "eat his words," to a large extent, if he accepts the next platform. If he does this, he is

not the great apostle of a principle. If he does not recede from his attitude of 1896 and 1900, he must repudiate the men who want to reorganize the party. Mr. Bryan is in danger of being forced by the logic of events, and his own beliefs out of the party. The distinguished Nebraskan is in a predicament. Will he be able to compromise with his enemies and himself, and remain regular? He will be a factor in the convention, but the question is, what sop will soothe him, if any? What will he give and what will he get? It is intimated that he will be consulted as to the candidate, but how about the platform, which should be more important to Mr. Bryan than the candidate? Can he surrender his "quantitative theory of money" at a time when events give that theory a strongly plausible support in the inadequacy of the currency to meet the demands of business? This is the day of "stand-

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ing pat;" will Mr. Bryan "stand pat" or throw down his hand and let the other fellows rake in the pot?



### Taft's Coming.

WILLIAM H. TAFT is on his way home from the Philippines. He was of the McKinley inner council in Ohio, and he has a record as an administrator. He looks like the last hope of the anti-Roosevelt Republicans, and a slim hope at that, since he rises to Root's place by Roosevelt's favor.



### This Damned Prosperity.

It was our genially gruff friend, Col. Mose Wetmore, who, about three years ago, said that the Democrats would have no show as long as this damned prosperity lasted, but he felt that a little hard times would put the party in fine fighting trim. Col. Mose, the greatest trust-buster, will please proceed to dance a *pas seul* and felicitate himself. The cutting of wages everywhere indicates that that "damned prosperity" is *ausgespielt*. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."



### A Blow at the Faith.

THE Putnams of New York have issued a book on "The Virgin Birth of Christ," by Paul Lobstein. Professor Lobstein does not believe in the miracle or the dogma. The *Independent*, discussing the book, says that the story of the virgin birth or the miraculous conception is a myth. All of which is interesting, but it would seem dangerous to the whole story of Christ to deny to Him the miraculous birth. If Christ were God, then it follows there must be and could be no stain upon him. If born in the ordinary way, it follows that Christ must have been stained with "original sin," and we have a besmirched God. The doctrine which Professor Lobstein attacks is one that is called for by the logic of the whole story of the redemption. There is no escape from it, if we are to accept the divinity of Christ, if we are to believe that in Adam all men sinned. To escape the taint of sin there must have been a miracle in the birth of Christ. The whole story as the earlier theologians framed it hangs together perfectly and no one miracle can be rejected without breaking down the entire structure. Even the story of the immaculate conception of the Virgin herself is necessary to escape the taint of original sin. The newer and the higher criticism cannot take part of the Christ story as true and reject other parts. Either Christ was God or he was man. If God, he was without fault. If only man, then the whole theory of a God dying for man must be abandoned. Professor Lobstein says that the Bible does not sustain the theory or dogma of the virgin birth. If this be so, then those who believe the Bible to be the only authority of faith are wrong in maintaining the divinity of Christ; but if there be authorities outside of the Bible, such as a body of sacred tradition, then the miraculous birth of Christ must be upheld in view of the fact that this tradition still obtains with the multitude of the faithful. The essence of Christianity is the divinity of Christ. He cannot have been God and at the same time tainted with the sin which all men inherit from Adam. If Professor Lobstein's book be the truth, then the Professor has struck a blow at the very foundation of orthodox Christianity. The miraculous birth must stand or the whole structure of a faith in a God made flesh must come tottering down. The *Independent*, reviewing the book, is not unaware of the purport of the discussion which with us in America does not loom so large "because the Apostle's Creed is not in general use." It says that the book will help on this discussion, which "for good or ill" is bound to come. I am no theologian, but I can see

in Professor Lobstein's book nothing more than a sapping of faith in a divine Jesus Christ. Reft of divinity, Christ is still a supreme hero of the world; but denying his divinity, what is left to vitalize faith? Professor Lobstein's treatment of his subject may be "reverent," but his conclusion is the death of every dogma of Christianity.



### James L. Blair.

JAMES L. BLAIR, once the leading citizen of St. Louis, and latterly the anathematized renegade from right, is dead. His fall only lent emphasis to the professions to which he proved recreant. His failure was but a testimony to the righteousness from which he deviated. His ruin is a lesson more striking than ever were his high honor and wide fame as a good man. He sinned greatly. But he suffered greatly. His sin found him out in his securest hour and smote him in his dearest affection. He stabbed himself to his heart of heart. All that he thought he builded for in his wrong doing was brought to wreck by that wrong doing. They say he stole for the wife he loved. The exposure only struck her the harder when it came. He played for honor and he won dishonor. He wrought for distinction and he achieved disgrace. Could there have been devised a more terrible retribution than he brought upon himself? And the very intelligence and culture which he developed in himself while living his lie only rendered him the more vulnerable to the blow he unconsciously aimed at himself. Mr. Blair was his own executioner. He punished himself as only such misdeeds should be punished. Verily, "he

who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword." Nothing more in condemnation need we say.



### Trust Company Absorption.

THE Germania Trust Company has been absorbed by the Commonwealth. That is good. The weaker concerns should be taken in out of the cold. A presidential campaign is coming on. There will be a tightening of finances and the new concerns that must take chances to live must not be allowed to take those chances lest the chances go against them and thus endanger general credit and solidity. The trust company that was too willing to take a long chance to make some money was a menace, and the Germania undertook a few propositions that indicated a too great optimism to be consistent with discretion. In finance we must always rejoice in the elimination of the unfit by such peaceful methods as absorption. These events may damage some reputations for financing, but they save good, honest, simple folk a great deal of good, hard money.



### Sunday at the Fair.

THE World's Fair management is right in deciding not to open on Sundays. Six days is enough work for the people who would have to keep the Fair going. At Chicago the opening of the Fair on Sunday meant a loss of money. Even the exhibitors from the Latin nations opposed the Sunday opening. The world's business will be fairing for eight months after April. Therefore the Sundays in that period should be different. There should be no fairing.

## The Persecution of the Motorist

### By An Automobilist

IN the City of Chicago it is estimated there are three thousand automobiles; in Cleveland, two thousand; in Indianapolis, one thousand; in St. Louis, four hundred.

St. Louis is more than twice as large as Cleveland, and four times as large as Indianapolis. In Chicago the law governing automobiles provides a license fee of \$3 for the first year and \$1 for each year after that.

In New York the law merely requires a registration fee of \$1. The Ohio laws are even more liberal. But in Missouri the penalty for progressiveness is \$2 license fee per year in each county in the State, and \$10 per year in the City of St. Louis.

Chicago, Cleveland and Indianapolis are splendidly paved; St. Louis has a few good streets.

St. Louis, with its unfair laws governing motorists is "cutting off its nose to spite its face."

What she needs just now is motor cars, and lots of them.

The automobile is an influence for good streets, and it does not destroy them. When there are more automobiles the Street Cleaning Department will have less to do—and then may, possibly, do it. The automobile has come to stay, and St. Louis may as well recognize that fact. Her high license and ridiculous speed laws may have a temporarily detrimental effect upon automobiling, but not a permanent one.

It is estimated that no less than 5,000 owners of automobiles will tour to this city next year, or ship their cars in to use while they are in the World's Fair City. They will be the better class of people from every city in the United States. Immediately upon their arrival in our hospitable burg, they will be hauled up and made pay the sum of \$10 for the privilege of operating their cars over our beautifully

paved city. They will also be required to equip their machines, with some kind of apron underneath to prevent oil dripping on our pavements. Just as if the owners of automobiles were in the habit of spreading oil at eighty cents a gallon on the streets.

In no other city in the world has the unfortunate owner of a motor car so hard a set of restrictions to comply with; and with so little reason behind it all, too! No one has ever been killed or seriously injured, directly or indirectly, by an automobile in St. Louis.

We note in the newspapers that the License Commissioner has recently decided that motor cycles—that is, bicycles with motors on them—must also pay the \$10 a year license. The writer knows of a boy who recently purchased a second-hand motor cycle for \$70 to use as a means of getting to and from his work. It was all the money he had, and the recent decision of the License Commissioner makes his purchase useless to him until he can dig up \$10 to get his license.

Fine! A \$10 tax for a \$70 bicycle, driven by a motor, and \$4 for a \$3,000 carriage and team! It looks a little bit like class legislation, now doesn't it?

There are, possibly, some people who would, to-day, be in favor of carrying the mails across the continent on horse back, just because it's a horse. The automobile is a cleaner, safer, swifter and more reliable means of transportation than a horse or an ox team, and the horse must give way to it as the ox team has to the horse, and as the horse has to the electric cars. When St. Louis has automobiles, it will have clean, quiet and uncrowded streets. It will be a healthier place to live in. St. Louis hasn't the ocean or the lakes or the mountains, neither has it a climate in which winter sports are possible: then let us stop this unreasoning persecution and enjoy to its fullest extent the greatest modern sport of all, automobiling.

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### "The O'Ruddy"

By Percival Pollard

HAD the late Stephen Crane written only the delightful burlesque on American historical novels, that he calls "The O'Ruddy," we would have nothing but a pleasant taste of him in our mouths. But, alas, he took dinner at East Aurora, and the haze of fakery that emanated thence followed him nearly to the grave. He wrote of Black Riders in meanings, metreless mannerisms; he abused the language, our ears and eyes in prose about Monsters, Whalomvills, and other matters, and he accomplished nothing really savory to sane people, until he was nearly at the end of things. It is not to be denied, of course, that the crew of parrot-people that forms so large a part of our reading population conspired to call him great for reason of the unintelligible things he had written; to be difficult, obscure, and turgid is always an incentive to some readers to imagine themselves superior to others. English readers were impressed by Crane because he wrote the English language like any savage might; in England there still lurks a good deal of the feeling that insured success for Joaquin Miller in the top-boot and red shirt period of him. The "Red Badge of Courage" was a mixture of Ambrose Bierce and chaos; to the truly analytical mind there was no reason why the book should have been considered in the same class as "In the Midst of Life." The earlier stories are immeasurably the finer in invention, accuracy to war's episodic life, and in all devices of story-telling art; in the matter of English they are pure as crystal, while the pages of Crane reeked with impurities of grammar, syntax, and almost every conceivable trick of uncouthness.

There is no particular moral in the matter. One might argue that the semblance of fame that came to Crane in his lifetime was merely evidence of the American preference for dining in public; the noise made about the East Aurora dinner started a wave that, wrongly or rightly, kept this young man on or near its crest until he died. That he died when he

did is a thousand pities. One realizes that, now, fully, for the first time. For he was about to emerge from the haze of false fame; he was about to prove that he could really write. In "The O'Ruddy," at last, the talent that his friends ever prated about, may be found by the world at large. Here, at last, too, is that fine and enviable thing, a keen sense of humor. The uncouthness, the striving for outlandish effects, the maltreatments of the language, are all gone; there remains what is so far the most charming burlesque on the writing of historical novels that we possess. Posing as just such a novel, with its constant succession of amusing and fascinating adventures in the life of an Irish braggart adventurer, the book contrives constantly to poke fun at the manners and methods of the fellows who have, with all seriousness and profit, been serving us these several years past with a surfeit of pseudo-romances based on pseudo-history.

Stephen Crane did not live to finish "The O'Ruddy." Robert Barr, good, honest workman that he is, finished the work. Mr. Barr's share is commendable; one cannot actually put finger on this page, or that chapter, and say "Here Crane ended," or "Here Barr began." Yet, this much is undeniable: the sparkle and vigor of the early part of the book do not carry quite to the closing of it. Still, finished by the hand of another though it be, "The O'Ruddy" remains the one thing that, in any sane consideration of literary values, Stephen Crane should be remembered by.

The average reader, who wishes merely entertainment, a good, stirring, fluent story, will find "The O'Ruddy" exactly the thing. And if he or she do not find, in the reading of the story, that laughter grows not only at the adventures themselves, but at the burlesque of all other such novels, then that reader lacks totally the saving grace of humor.

clothes up to nearly double what was paid before their husbands began to grow rich. Perhaps in their early married life they lived in a suburb, and paid fifty to seventy-five dollars to a local dressmaker for their best gowns. That was twenty years ago. Now they go to the best places on Fifth avenue, and pay from two to four hundred.

The dressmakers, with their fingers on the pulse of their public, have kept on lifting and lifting their prices. They educated their patrons up to paying fifty dollars for an unlined blouse that you bought in Paris or London for fifteen. They sent them to their own especial *corsetière*, where one had a corset made for thirty dollars which one could get duplicated at the Frenchwoman's round the corner for ten. They trained them to the subtle extravagances of "hand-made tucks," of lingerie so fine that only the most proficient *blanchisseur-de-fin* could wash it. The milliners joined in the chase of the flying dollars, and where fifteen dollars was once a reasonable sum to pay for a hat, forty and fifty were asked. Every article of dress rose in proportion, and with the rise in prices the woman's demands for a still choicer daintiness of apparel rose with it. Everything must be made to order, everything must be made by hand. Thus, and thus only, could she escape the competition of the shop-girl, and feel with satisfaction that if she only looked a little more elegant than her rival on the surface she was a great deal more so underneath.

It would be difficult to form any real estimate of what such women spend on their wardrobes per annum. We all remember that the President's wife was reported to have said she spent three hundred dollars. Personally I am under the impression that she was misquoted. If she had said five it would have been all right and quite possible. There are thousands of women now in New York who are fittingly and stylishly fitted out on five hundred a year. But they are not of the "hand-made tucks" variety; they don't get their clothes from abroad; they wear one set of furs for three seasons; and they use what real lace they possess in places where it shows.

The other day, a girl of my acquaintance told me that one of the most brilliant young matrons of what the newspapers call "The Smart Set," had informed her that no woman could "be in society" and dress on less than five thousand a year, I imagine that this is about the sum the well-dressed woman, who is not particularly extravagant, has to spend. It seems a good deal, but when you come to figure out her expenses you will see it is quite modest. If she goes to the best milliners early in the season her hats will cost her from twenty-five to fifty dollars apiece; her gowns from one hundred and fifty to three hundred; her furs three or four hundred more. Her made-to-order shoes and slippers will be ten dollars a pair; her corsets twenty-five dollars; her silk petticoats from twenty to thirty. As for her lingerie, that will easily run up toward the thousand mark. All things considered, the five thousand dollars is a small amount for her to get along on, and the young matron who thought it sufficient must have been a bit of a financier.

From this, onward and upward, any amount can be spent, and has been spent until this year, when the extinguisher was put on many innocent pleasures. One very fashionable and beautiful young woman, whose name constantly figures in the "society columns," told a man of my acquaintance that she "could not get on on less than sixty thousand a year." He thought the sum excessive, and asked her how she managed to spend so much money on her personal adornment. She thought a moment, and then replied: "Well, real

### Gotham's Rich Growing Poor

By Geraldine Bonner

THE cry of "hard times" is going up from many sources in New York, where good times have lasted so long that the beneficiaries had begun to think they were to last forever. Now that the coffers are not piled high with money, good measure, pressed down, and running over, a sort of aggrieved surprise has taken possession of people, and one hears an amount of "poor talk" that makes one feel as if the complainer was short of carfare and did not know where to get the wherewithal to pay the wash bill.

It will do the New Yorkers good to have to try a little economizing. The class that has been hurt by the drop in stocks is the class that, during the last fifteen years, has advanced from the stage of a few thousands a year to that of a few thousands a month. As may be imagined, they took to the change like ducks to water. It is these people who have been putting up the price of everything in New York, transforming the simply elegant life that previously distinguished the rich Gothamite, and making it the spectacular orgie of money-spending that we all read so much about in the daily press;

They are the people who have assisted in raising the wages of servants because, rather than take trouble with their domestic domain, they will pay anything to get capable employees who will take the whole matter off their hands. They are the people who have set the fashion of refurbishing their houses every few years, of demanding as necessities articles of rare worth which, until recently, were regarded as only the prerogatives of millionaires. And they are, above and beyond all, the people who have set a standard of dress of such amazing extravagance that the rich American woman has come to be a byword and a reproach even in the booths of Vanity Fair.

No women in the world spend such sums of money on their clothes as the wealthy New Yorkers have been doing in the last ten years. The great *courtaurières* of Paris are said to manufacture two kinds of dresses; one an inexpensive and elegant kind for the French *grandes dames*, and the other a kind of florid gorgeousness and sensational cost for the American women and the Parisian *demi-mondaines*. Here in New York these women have run the prices of

lace on my underclothes gets away with a good deal of it."

As might be imagined, dress is an absorbing topic of conversation among women of this kind. A female stranger can have three recommendations to their society—to play a good game of "bridge;" to know a good recipe for losing weight; and to have discovered a new dressmaker. No woman in the world are more preoccupied with their clothes. They perpetually talk about them. With some it has assumed the engrossing proportions of a fixed idea. You can work the conversation round on Chinese music and the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy and in a few skillfully engineered sentences they will switch it back on to the advantage of Shirring over pleating and the enduring beauties of chiffon velvet.

It is hardly necessary to say that their society is not intensely interesting, unless you happen to have the same bee in your bonnet. If you at the moment are wondering whether Shirring or pleating will make you look smaller round the hips, then seek their company, for they will know all about it, and their dictum will have the value of expert opinion. I often wonder what they talk to men about. There are men who appear to take an interest in such esoteric subjects as the proper trimming for skirts and the cut of bodices. But they are scarce, not half enough of them to go round among the ladies whose interests are bounded on the north by the dressmaker and the south by the milliner. One of them sat near me at a dinner, the other evening, and she entertained the man beside her with a long and exhaustive account of her system of dieting. It was evidently a good system, for she was as "thin as a June shad," as the fishermen say.

The younger girls, and even the little ones, brought up in this atmosphere, develop exactly the same mental trend. The children of such households talk knowingly of styles and costumes long before they are in their teens. It is a most unfortunate thing, as they are constantly bright and promising, and in different surroundings would grow up intelligent and charming women. But as they hear nothing else talked about they come to think their clothes are the most important feature of their lives. I was waiting, the other afternoon, at a friend's house for the chatelaine to come downstairs. Her little girl—twelve years old—appeared upon the scene, and sitting cozily down beside me on the sofa, began to examine my costume with an exploring eye that I found quite disconcerting. I tried to engage her in diverting conversation, but she was not interested. After looking me carefully over, she suddenly nestled affectionately nearer, and said: "Don't you just adore little tucks?"

The best thing that could have happened to these people is a loss of money. They were losing their heads. Luxury was eating into the better part of them like an acid. Not that they have had the sort of "spell" which makes it necessary for them to "go West" and start afresh. They are still in their brownstone fronts, with a retinue of well-trained servants and a long list of invitations for the Christmas season. But there has been a sudden check in the gorge of money-getting, and a corresponding pull-up in the orgie of money-spending. Especially in the matter of dress has there been a necessity to consider the dollar. The craze for expensive clothes has had to be conquered, anyway, for a time. Instead of Russian sables, they buy serviceable Persian lamb; the real lace that didn't show has been replaced by good imitations. They complain as much about these deprivations as an East Side family might if they had to live on lentils and have meat only once a week. But, after all, the point of view is purely a matter of what one has been accustomed to.

## The Mirror

## The Silver Boat

By Albert Bigelow Paine

**W**HEN Saunders had taken his young wife to the old manor house on the bayou, she had said to him:

"We will stay here forever. It is a place I have seen in dreams."

And Saunders, being newly wedded and seeing all things through the glamour of love, had freely consented. Yet, when spring came and the halo of the honeymoon had dimmed, he remembered his friends and his sports. For Saunders was strong with youth—used to the buffet with Nature and contentions of the field. He suggested that they should return North—that, at least, they should spend some weeks at the resorts. She shook her head.

"No, no," she pleaded, "not now. Let me have this now. It is a realization. I can find it nowhere else in the world. Let me remain in it."

So Saunders had his yacht down and some friends. They made the old house merry for a time, then went away on a cruise, leaving the young wife, who loved better than all to sit on the long jasmine gallery at evening and from amid the vines look down to the little moonlit harbor, with its shining water, the draping moss, and the cypress on the point that touched a path of light where the water bent outward to the sea. Filled with a great happiness, her summer became a summer of dreams.

Saunders came and went. Devoted and tender, he meant to be kind; but the quiet, half-enchanted round of the old manor where he had passed his childhood no longer satisfied his robust nature. So the yacht sailed in and out of the little moss-hung harbor, the young wife waving good-by from the veranda stair. Sometimes she sighed as she watched his sail pass beyond the cypress point; then, lost in her happiness and her fancies, she would forget and find a comfort that was real in the things we have been taught to call intangible.

Thus it was her world became not altogether as the world of other people, but a curious half-world

## VIVIMUS

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

**H**E made this gracious Earth a hell  
With Love and Drink. I cannot tell  
Of which he died. But it was well.

Will I die of drink?

Why not?

Won't I pause and think?

—What?

Why in seeming wise

Waste your breath?

Everybody dies—

And of death!

Youth—if you find it's youth

Too late?

Truth—and the back of truth?

Straight,

Be it love or liquor,

What's the odds,

So it slide you quicker

To the gods?

—From Hawthorn and Lavender.

wherein she seemed to be near, almost to commune with, gentle, unseen forces, that offered the peace of a sweet companionship. Sometimes she even fancied a light touch on her cheek. Again, something that was like a whispered word came as on the perfume of the jasmine. Once, in the moonlight, a face, ever so faint and filmy, floated between her and the vines. But when she looked again only the vines were there, and she could not be sure. It was as if she had entered a sort of border country, between that which we know and that of which men have never ceased to speculate. The negroes of the household—old family servants most of them—held her in awe and reverence, and whispered the traditions of the manor—of other women who had been as she was, and had sat thus among the jasmine on moon-clear nights.

When the baby came it was September. Saunders had meant to be there, but the yacht had been held by a stress of weather. Lying with her baby boy by the open window, where the scented air and the white moon rays came in, she seemed so like a creature from some far, dim meridian, that those who served her were filled with deep superstition and marvelous beliefs.

When it was near morning, the old nurse, who had been leaning from the casement, saw something come into the path of light that lay between the cypress point and the landing dock. She crept to the bed eagerly.

"De boat am comin', Missus. It jes' turn de point!"

"The boat? The silver boat?"

"Oh, no, Missus! Dat ain' comin' now. I mean Mas' Saundah's boat."

Saunders remained longer than usual this time. The boy was a new interest. The picture presented by the beautiful mother and babe crowded out other attractions. Then he urged her to go with him for a cruise, and take the boy along. But it was the stormy season, so Saunders went with some friends instead. After that he went much as before. Once, when the boy was rather more than a year old, walking about a little and saying a few words, Saunders went for a longer cruise than usual—as far as Havana this time. When he returned the boy was in the family graveyard, the mother at her old place among the vines, with the boy's playthings on the floor beside her.

It was a blow to Saunders. The boy had learned to kiss him good-bye, to know him when he came, and had loved to be carried in his strong arms. The place without the boy was unbearable. He urged the mother to go with him, now, anywhere—to give up her lonely life. Still she refused.

"I shall go only with the silver boat," she said. "I shall wait for the silver boat."

"The silver boat?" Saunders regarded her, only half understanding.

"The silver boat that comes for the women of the manor. You must have heard of it."

Saunders's look became one of annoyance.

"Oh, the old tradition. I thought that boat was forgotten long ago."

"It came for your mother," nurse says, "the night you were born. She saw it."

"Old negroes see many things—whatever they expect to see, in fact. She probably saw the moon on the water. I have seen it look strangely myself."

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He went alone and continued to go at intervals, remaining away longer each time. While, at the end of the jasmine gallery, with the boy's playthings strewn as he had left them that last day, the woman sat as she had loved to sit on those summer nights before he came, looking down on the little harbor and the point of cypresses, where the path of light led outward to the sea.

She was sitting thus on the night when the boy would have been two years old, leaning back in an old armchair and looking down through the vines at the moonrise. A white wrap was drawn about her shoulders, and in the fragrant dimness she seemed a fleeting, insubstantial being that might vanish at a sound.

Presently the moon, lifting higher, threw a flood of radiance into the wide gallery entrance. Some of his toys lay in the moonlight—a little cart, a toy boat and some soldiers. It was close upon the hour of his birth, and looking at these things the mother fancied how he might have looked had he lived to be there with her to-night. Her eyes drifted away to the point, where the roadway of light was broad and wonderful because of the full moon.

Then she leaned forward a little, looking more intently. Something had turned the point and was coming down the shining way. It could not be a boat, she thought, for a boat would show a dark outline, while this was white, almost as bright as the way itself. But then she saw it was a boat—a boat of light, coming steadily in, its white sails filled, though the air seemed without motion.

"Oh," she breathed, "the silver boat!"

She began to tremble. Should she go to meet it? No, oh, no, it was not like that. She leaned back in the big chair and closed her eyes, as one waiting a summons. Then presently she opened them, remembering what her husband had said of the moon on the water. No, she had not been deceived. The silver boat lay at the landing dock, and there was someone on the floor in the moonlight. Then she knew. It was her baby boy who had come in the silver boat. He was, once more, beside her, amid his toys.

At first she did not speak, fearing he might vanish. Then she called to him, very gently, using his pet name. For a moment he did not notice her, intent with his neglected playthings. Then, a toy in his hands, he came nearer. She had known he would look just so. When he spoke, it was as she had known he would speak at this time.

"I wanted my toys," he whispered. "I wanted to come."

She leaned forward hungrily, yet feared to touch him. She saw now that he was not as one of the tangible world, but a semblance, something as we may see reflected in plate windows.

"May I go with you?" she asked. "Will you take mama in the silver boat?"

He shook his head. The silken hair fell about his cheeks.

"No, only me. They said you would see me if I came to-night, and would have my toys for me."

"Yes, oh, yes! I always have them for you! Will you come often?"

"As often as they will let me. Perhaps you will not always see me. I have been here before and you did not see me."

"But I felt that you were near—oh, my baby! my baby!"

He returned to his toys. The moonlight flooded in and made him a white playground. Sitting in the shadow the woman watched, scarcely breathing, while something that was not sleep but a great harmony of peace fell upon her and upon all the land about. The breeze died. The moonlight shed a fuller glory. The perfume of the jasmine became sentient with unseen life. When consciousness returned to her, the square of moonlight was gone, the silver boat was no longer at the landing place.

After that he returned to her each year. When the hour of his birth came she watched the silver boat pass the point of cypresses, and then he was beside her. And each year she found him a little older, as, of course, he must be, and each year she had prepared herself for the change.

Thus she saw his growth from childhood to youth, much as she would have seen it had he remained in her daily life.

As he grew older his early toys were laid aside, and she bought other things, such as she thought he might care for, and had them ready for each coming. The household, seeing this, grew more sadly tender, more silent in her presence, more deeply superstitious than before; while Saunders urged her again, and ever again, to leave the old manor and go with him back to the world, his world, and to what he termed realities of life. She gently resisted each appeal. Her world, her life, and her realities were there on the old jasmine gallery. The outside world had grown

vague, dim, insignificant—the shadow of a half-forgotten dream.

As the boy grew older he spoke to her each time at greater length, and often tried to tell her something of his existence. She listened hungrily, understanding little. She realized that it was a life without material need, and with other senses than hers. He had pleasures, he had companions, he was taught. By and by he would have duties. She comprehended this, but when she tried to understand the nature of it all she grew confused and gladly came back to him as he sat before her, a semblance and part of the life she could comprehend.

Often she spoke to him of his father. She had found that the boy, too, loved the strong man of the world, and knew much of his life and needs. Yet when she spoke of having the father with them at these times, he only shook his head and said it could not be so.

"Do not blame him," he said to her once. He had grown a tall youth now, with much of his father's face. "Do not blame him for his life. He has a good, true heart, but he is not as you are. He is of the world of substance; the tangible world. You are more of our world—the *real* world?"

"Oh, I do not blame him—I have never blamed him!" she answered. "But the world of substance, and—the real world. I do not quite follow you."

He smiled gently. How beautiful he was! How she longed to strain him to her heart!

"The tangible is not real—that which you perceive with your material senses. It fades, perishes, goes into other forms. Only the intangible is real. It may change with growth, but it is always the same in substance. Thought, spirit—these are intangible, and there are forces, some of which you call electric. They are really as one—a part of the great light which is life. That which you see and touch with the material senses—these things are for the day only."

"But I see you, and, oh, you are real, are you not?"

"Yes, and it is with the real vision that you see me—the eye of spirit. I would be as nothing to your touch."

"But why do I see you clothed as in the material life?"

"Because, with you, the real eye must perceive through the material eye, which supplies what it has been trained to see—the form and dress which the conscious mind expects."

"Then are you not as I see you?"

## The Mirror

"I am as you see me, yet I am more than you see. When you see me at last only with the eye of the real, you will know, and you will not be startled."

"And the silver boat," she asked, "is that, too, of the material eye?"

"The boat which you see, yes. Yet, there is a boat—a boat of light."

Then once more he tried to convey to her something of the spirit life and seeing. But she became adrift presently, and only vaguely followed him. It was as when we try to convey colors to one born blind.

"Oh, when am I to see?" she pleaded.

"There is a life in which you see, now," he answered. "In that life you have been with me from day to day. It becomes the conscious life when you waken. Then you will both see and understand."

"And that will be—?"

"When you come to us wholly."

"In the silver boat?"

"Yes, in the silver boat."

"Soon?" Will it be soon?"

"Yes, soon. Perhaps it will seem long, waiting. But it will be soon."

When Saunders came home that time, she was even more gentle, more tender than before. He thought her more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Lingered together by the water's edge, under the moss-draped live oaks, they were almost lovers again.

He came oftener that year. Oftener, too, he spoke of their baby—the baby who would have been almost a man now—and more than once she was ready to tell him of the silver boat. Yet something always made her hesitate. September found him on his Autumn cruise, yet expected daily, for he had promised an early return.

She was in her old seat on the baby's birth-night, looking down the way of light, to the cypress point. The moments always passed so slowly until he came—and the waiting—she was weak and tired to-night—it seemed to her that he must come, oh, he must come soon! She would close her eyes, a little, and so rest.

And then, all at once, he was there. She had

missed the coming of the boat, but lo, there he stood in the moonlight! Tall, strong and beautiful, and now as never before, holding out his arms to her, his face filled with the joy of welcome!

And at first she could not move, and started to cry out. Then, suddenly, she was standing before him, while from between them, something that was like a wall of mist fell away, and behold, she saw him with the eyes of light, in the glory of the real!

Saunders' yacht came in at daybreak. He hurried up the path and gave a cheery call as he mounted the veranda stair. Then he paused, and tiptoed over to where she was sitting. She had been there all night, he thought; it would not do. The servants must take better care of her.

He took her hand to lift it to his lips. Then quickly he let it fall. The old nurse, roused by his voice, came out on the gallery, half awake.

Saunders beckoned to her.

"Your mistress—she is—she has gone with the silver boat," he said.

*From the Delineator.*

### NEW BOOKS

#### "MISSISSIPPI ARGONAUTS."

Mr. John Henton Carter of St. Louis, who is rather widely known in the West and South as a writer, and who is the author of several meritorious works, has recently produced another volume more pretentious than the others, which, according to book dealers' reports, has already attained quite a vogue in St. Louis. The title of the novel is "Mississippi Argonauts." It is a tale of the South during the period immediately prior to the Civil War, and presents a true picture of life in those halcyon days, both in the Southern States and on the Mississippi River, which was then the only artery of trade throughout the entire valley. In simple narrative style, Mr. Carter has written the story, and this, together with the rare humorous seasoning of anecdote, adds greatly to its charms as a character-revelation. The reader is at once convinced that the author is thoroughly familiar with the time and the people with which the tale deals. The river life, as portrayed, is intensely interesting. It pictures the palatial steamboats of those days, the keen rivalry among the owners and masters, and the almost daily struggles between the crafts for speed supremacy on the Father of Waters. Mr. Carter takes the reader by boat from Louisville to New Orleans, which then was the third city of the United States. The description of the quaint old town, with its Creole inhabitants and dwellings, and the French market, will be of interest to many to whom these things must ever be but historical reminiscences. Throughout the tale a clever love story is deftly woven, giving a peep into the aristocratic homes of the South, and the life on the immense plantations.

Capt. Thomas Delaney and his nephew, Charles Faulkner, scions of Southern aristocratic families, the heroes, and Miss Blanche Dole and Miss Preston, the heroines, are types of the chivalrous gentlemen and lovely ladies for which the South was and is famous. The book is from the press of the Dawn Publishing Company, New York, and is illus-

trated by L. Berneker, a St. Louis artist.

"The Rover Boys on Land and Sea," by Arthur M. Winfield, is one of a series of stories for boys and girls which, in point of healthful environment is the equal of any of the well known tales for youngsters. It is a tale of adventure on land and sea, with thrilling situations, hair breadth escapes, heroes in plenty, and villains of the true stripe. The trials of the Rover boys and a party of young girl friends on the Pacific Ocean, where they are shipwrecked three times, and finally landed on uninhabited islands, furnish enough good, exciting reading to keep the youthful ones entertained from start to finish of the story. The volume is from the press of Mershon & Co., of Rahway, N. J., and New York.

A story which deals with one of the pathetic and commonplace incidents of life in exclusive social circles, is "The Middle Course," by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, recently from the press of the Smart Set Publishing Company. The story pictures the unhappy situation of a society matron, whose husband, apparently, does not love her, and who is stingy to the point of quarreling over traders' bills, household expenses and her dressmakers' accounts. And yet he insists she shall maintain an exalted position in their set. She has small individual means, and his are much greater, yet she is compelled to beg for clothes and pin money. Only their child keeps them together. She realizes he does not love her, that he cares more for his yacht. He trusts, but it is that trust which leaves her at home alone while he is away enjoying himself. She is miserable, and longs for love and kindness. At last she meets a sculptor who seems to understand her plight. She leans towards him, but would prefer the middle course of having his affection, advice and sympathy, while she remained faithful to her marriage vows. But the sculptor knew there was no middle course. Discovered one day in each other's embrace, her troubles come

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Ernest McGaffey, Chicago, Ill.

to a climax. Ejected from home, and separated from her child, she tries to flee her friends, and the sculptor, but the latter is persistent. He finds her and they both declare their love. Her husband in America obtains a divorce.

William Henry Tompkins' narrative poem "Robert of Kincaid; a Tale of the Douglas," is a work that has the true ring of Scottish chivalry. It is at once a reminder of Burns and Scott. The poem possesses well sustained dramatic power, and deals with the interesting tragic life of William VIIITH., Earl of Douglas. The scene is laid in Scotland in the fifteenth century. The volume is handsomely made, and illustrated. The price per copy is \$1.25.

"Frog Hollow Post Bag" is a unique volume of verse, the love correspondence of two frogs—*Miss Polyandra Speckle-back of Hades*, and *Sir Leaper Bullfrog* of Frog Hollow. The work contains some sidelights on the classic shades of Hades and Elysium, and a few rapid sketches of life in the frog democracy, not much differing from those of the

human. *Sir Leaper's* adventures are all interesting and faithfully related, including his experience with a "Get Rich Quick" scheme. Henry D. Muir is the poet who presents this entertaining volume. The price per copy is \$1.25.

Another small volume of verse is entitled "Sun Gleams and Gossamers." It is the first book of a young Western poet, Hilton R. Greer. It contains twenty-six poems, many of which are real gems. Its price is \$1.00 per copy. These three volumes of verse are from the Gorham press of Richard G. Badged, Boston, Mass.

Two strikers were picketing the entrance of an alley during the strike at a factory in Chicago last May. A non-union man came out of the factory and started across the street. One of the strikers picked up a brick. As he looked at it an expression of disgust came over his face and he threw it down. "Why didn't you throw it at that scab?" asked the other striker. "Because it is a non-union brick."

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## SOCIETY

Fashionable society will attend the dress balls, to be given at Jefferson Barracks, on every alternate Saturday night during the few remaining weeks of the carnival season. These balls are given by the officers stationed at the Barracks and their wives.

Miss Evelyn Hunter, of Memphis, Tenn., is the guest of Miss Stella Wade. A number of social functions have been arranged in her honor by Mr. and Mrs. Festus Wade and their friends.

Mrs. Max M. Bodenheimer, of 3842 West Pine boulevard, gave a luncheon Monday in honor of Mrs. D. May of Denver; Mrs. Sidney Aloe, Mrs. David Kirschbaum, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. I. Lessem, of Chicago.

J. C. Stewart, wife and daughter, have returned from Europe, where they have been for the past three years, and are now staying at the New Washington Hotel.

Mrs. B. de Forest Hammett, of El Paso, Texas, is in this city visiting her father, J. W. Buel, at his home, 1919 South Grand avenue. Mrs. Hammett, as Miss Rosalind Buel, was quite a belle prior to her marriage nine years ago, and her friends are welcoming her after an absence of some six years, with many attentions.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scullin and their children have removed to their ranch in Arizona, and will not return from there till the opening of the World's Fair.

Mrs. John E. Liggett and Mrs. Mitchell Scott are at Ormond, Fla., a resort which is becoming very popular with St. Louisans.

Grand Avenue Hotel Bakery and Confectionery, Grand and Olive, most popular transfer corner in town. While waiting for your car, supply yourself at headquarters of finest confections, cakes, rolls and all kinds of bread. Agents for the original Allegretti chocolate creams.



Another preacher who is trying to get the women of his congregation to remove their hats in church is the Rev. C. M. Truex, pastor of the Baptist church at Clinton. The women, however, do not take kindly to the scheme. They hate to pay fancy prices for headgear and then put it under the seat at a place where it can be best shown off. The subject recalls a story to the Henry County Republican, "Two women," it says, "were talking the other day about going to church, and Mrs. Brown asked Mrs. Jones to go with her and sit in her pew. 'Oh, thank you,' replied Mrs. Jones, 'but really I can't do it. You see, my hat isn't trimmed to sit on that side of the church.'"



Mr. J. A. Norton, secretary of the North American Investment Company, of St. Louis, departed Wednesday noon on a tour of inspection of the Eastern offices of the company. Mr. R. L. Maupin, president of the company, will join Mr. Norton in Philadelphia, where they have under consideration a deal of considerable magnitude. President Maupin and Secretary Norton will visit New York, Baltimore and Pittsburg before returning.

## AT THE STOCKING COUNTER

He was a big, square-chinned, well-groomed man, who looked as if he might be more than ordinarily self-contained under normal circumstances. But he looked sheepish and red in the face as he nudged in a sliding, uncertain sort of way toward the hosiery counter of an F street department store, and there was a queer, glassy expression in his eye.

The saleswoman with the enormous chestnut-hued pompadour smiled benignantly upon him.

"Are you waited on?" she asked him in a dulcet tone.

"N—no," he replied, a bit hoarsely, and apparently in some difficulty as to the management of his vocal cords. "I want some st—er—hose, you know," and he passed a huge hand over his feverish brow and carefully avoided the saleswoman's eye.

"Gentlemen's hosiery, third counter to the right," sweetly said the pompadoured young woman behind the counter.

The man's jaw fell, but he gathered himself together with an obvious effort.

"But," he said, "I don't want so—that is, I don't want gentleman's hose, you see. Want 'em for a lady—er—my wife, you know."

"Oh," said the young woman behind the counter, smiling in a vague, dreamy sort of way, and the big man flopped heavily onto a stool in front of the counter and mopped his perspiring forehead.

"Silk?"

"Yes'm," said the big man, agonizedly, "silk."

"Any particular color?" amiably inquired the young woman.

"Oh, fancy ones," said the man, rolling about on the stool, but still avoiding the young woman's eye. "Pink and lavender and blue and red—she's tired of black—that is, I am—want to change the luck—I mean—well, let's see 'em."

The critical moment had arrived.

"What size?" inquired the young woman, biting daintily at the eraser end of her pencil.

"You can search—hm!—I don't know the exact size," gasped the man, mopping his forehead again. "But I'll tell you. There are some models of legs in one of your windows, you know. One of them is draped in a pink cloth st—pinked clock—one of 'em has got a pink hose on it, you know. Hump! Well, so far as I can judge, I should think that's about the size."

"Those models are nine," said the young woman, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"Well, I'll take a chance—let it be nines," said the man, with an air of relief.

She showed him an assortment of the most expensive silk stockings in the place, and he picked out half a dozen pairs, choosing, man like, the most garish hues. He tucked the box under his arm with the air of a man who had successfully achieved an enormous and dreaded task, and started to race for the door. But before he had gone far an afterthought occurred to him and he sidled back to the counter. He leaned

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JOHN C. KNAPP.

over and said to the pompadoured young woman:

"In case these st—hose—are not b—roomy enough, why—er—do they stretch?"

"Oh, yes, they stretch," replied the young woman, "but if they are not large enough, they can be exchanged, you know."

"Oh, can they? Thanks!" blurted out the man, and then, in his acute embarrassment, he almost ran toward the exit.

The pompadoured young woman watched the fleeing man with a quizzical smile.

"Men are such perfect sillies, aren't they?" she said to the other girl at the counter. "You'd think, the way most of the poor, stupid, hulking creatures act, that it was something disgraceful for women to have legs and to wear stockings on them!"—*Washington Post*.



Walter Scott liked to tell the story of his meeting an Irish beggar in the street who importuned him for a sixpence. Not having one, Scott gave him a shilling, adding with a laugh: "Now, remember, you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you!"—*Youth's Companion*.

## CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Typewriting Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

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"That woman's boss of the ward all right," said the first repeater, in the days of female suffrage, "and she's a regular terror, ain't she?" "That's what!" replied the other; "I wanted \$2 for my vote, and she wouldn't gimme more'n \$1.98."—*Philadelphia Press*.

## SOCIETY

The social season which began with unusual zest and brilliance last November, is wearing itself out with tameness. Save one or two more balls, a few receptions and the approaching Walsh nuptials, there is nothing of note on the smart set's calendar.

Numerous persons prominent in society, have gone away to the Florida and California resorts; others are preparing their homes for the entertainment of World's Fair guests, and not a few are in mourning.

Like an oasis in the desert were the Francis receptions on last and the previous Sunday. The delightful feature of both was the informality, maintained with clever tact by Mrs. Francis, and enlivened with the jolly repartee of the President of the World's Fair.

Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells have with them as their guest the Mayor's sister, Miss Isabella Wells, who is on from Washington, D. C., to remain during the Fair, and assist in the hospitalities which will be dispensed at the home of the city's chief executive.

The marriage, at Kansas City, yesterday, of Miss Adele Jones and Mr. William McKenzie, is of interest to an unusually wide circle of relatives and friends throughout the State, and especially in St. Louis. Miss Jones is a sister of Mrs. Andre Scanlan, of St. Louis, and the Scanlans with numerous St. Louis people, left Tuesday night for Kansas City, to be present at the nuptials which were solemnized in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. An elegant formal reception, to which several hundred guests were invited, was given at La Feuille Hall, the old palatial residence of the Joneses in Kansas City.

The marriage of Mr. W. Briscoe Kinealy and Miss Lily Coale was the smart event of Wednesday, and the only nuptial feast of the week in which society was interested. For a week Miss Coale

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and Mr. Kinealy were smartly entertained with dinner and theater parties and luncheons to the bridal party. Mr. and Mrs. Kinealy are away on their honeymoon trip, and will return to St. Louis in a month.

To-day the wedding bells will ring for Miss Edith Lyle and Mr. Grant Smith. Miss Lyle is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Lyle, at whose home, in West Pine boulevard, the nuptials will be solemnized.

The date of the Walsh-Sawyer nuptials, Wednesday, April 6, was announced at the reception, which Mrs. Sidney Smith Blackwell gave in honor of Miss Sallie Walsh, at the St. Louis Women's Club Monday afternoon. Mrs. Blackwell was assisted by Mrs. Henry Whitelaw Bond, Misses Sallie and Josephine Walsh, and Mrs. Jack Geraghty, one of the society brides of the season.

Nearly all the coming Easter weddings will be of the "gold braid" order. The first of these will be that of Miss Josephine Walsh, to Capt. John Bates, of the United States army. Later in the month will come that of Miss Janet Lee to Capt. Edward Carter, who is stationed with the United States Artillery at Fort Totten, N. Y. Miss Mary Tracy is to be married to Capt. Henry S. Wygant, who is stationed at Fort Leavenworth, and Miss Mary Euston will become the bride of Lieut. Frank Ridgeley, of the United States Navy.

Many felicitations are showered upon the managers of the new Women's Club, who have hurried matters along for the opening ball next Saturday night, at which all the beauties of the exquisite new ball room will be revealed for the first time. Those who have been admitted to an advance peep say it is the most exquisite dance room in this country.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert will give a ball in the new club ball room next Tuesday night, January 26, and another ball will be given for Miss Julia Maffitt by Mr. and Mrs. Chouteau Maffitt on the night of Shrove Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scullin will go to Florida for the remainder of the winter, and during part of the time will have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Jr.

Mrs. Charles Palms, of Detroit, Mich., is the guest of Mrs. Julius S. Walsh, with whom she will remain during the next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Capen, bride and groom, are at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. They will visit Cape May and Atlantic City, before returning from their honeymoon trip.

Mrs. Theodore Shelton, of Lindell boulevard, is entertaining Mrs. Henry Buford Duke and Mrs. William Gentry Shelton, of Kansas City. A luncheon given by her last Tuesday in honor of her guests was one of the smart informal events of the week.



Son—Papa, have I disturbed you saying my prayers? Father—Oh, no; my boy. Son—Well, I was praying for a pair of Swope's shoes, and hoped you heard me. Swope's store is at 311 N. Broadway.

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## DRAMATIC

"The Chaperone," best of all of the operatic comedies of the period and annually rejuvenated with fresh talent, is having a big run at the Grand Opera House this week. Musically, "The Chaperone" is entitled to longevity. With a little extra spice in the lines, even they are not antiquated after long usage. While the original "Chaperone" personnel is dispersed, new-comers are filling all important places creditably. Waiter Jones and Eva Tanguay have given way to Arthur Ernest and Mabel Hite without disparagement. Mr. Ernest can sing far better than the ludicrous Jones, and his company work is not so grotesque as the latter's. As a dancer, Miss Hite is just as clever as Miss Tanguay, and that is saying a good deal, considering her newness in the role. May Rosley's prima donna work is smart and up-to-date. Stage accessories and costumes are in keeping with the excellence of the show.

Next Sunday Mason and Mason will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House in "Rudolph and Adolph," a new farce comedy in which the popular Masons are doing capital work.

To-night Director Ferdinand Welb will have his annual benefit with the presentation of "Hassmann's Tochter," the L'Arronc comedy in which he has always scored his most pronounced hit. Mr. Welb, since coming to St. Louis three years ago, has done so much for the German Theater here that his friends should avail themselves of this opportunity to give him a full house. They will, besides, have an enjoyable evening, with a play that has not been given here in several years. As a character actor Mr. Welb is eminent in his profession. As a stage manager he has no equal. A large number of the plays given this season were staged by him, especially the classics, which have found so much favor with the American clientele of the German Stock Company. Next Sunday night an attractive folk-play, "Jaegerblut," will be presented with a capital cast.

The Imperial Theater has a play this week which interests thousands. "Only a Shop Girl," a comedy drama, with Lottie Williams in the leading part, is good entertainment of the semi-sensational sort. The clever little actress is one of the best soubrettes on the American stage. She never underrates the possibilities of her part, nor overrates its limitations. In intelligent conception she can give cards and spades to many of her sisters who play in first-class houses. One of the scenes in the play shows a department store, a faithful reproduction of which is made. In fact, scenically, "Only a Shop Girl" is well equipped. That good old friend, "Happy Hooligan," with a roster of new associates and fun-makers, will open a week's engagement at the Imperial, beginning with the Sunday matinee.

Far above the average is the olio number of Howe and Scott, Hebrew imper-

sonators, at the Standard Theater this week. Paradoxical as it may seem, the turn is both grotesque and refined. Only two such clever mimics as Howe and Scott could make it so. One of the most perilous pieces of stage work is done by the Armstrongs, bicyclists. Abbie Carlton's "living album" is a pleasing novelty with Standard patrons. Rice and Barton's "Big Gaiety Company" is the underline at Manager Butler's house next week.

"Il Trovatore," which is the second opera now being studied and prepared for presentation Monday night, February 8, by the St. Louis School of Opera, will have the largest chorus with which it has ever been given. Not even a metropolitan production could aspire safely to a chorus of one hundred voices. Such an immense body of singers can be trusted only with the ensemble numbers, when it is thoroughly trained. In this case the chorus is composed of the best choir singers, musical students and amateur musicians of the city. The cast of principals will be in line with the standard of the chorus work and the capable teachings of Mira Delamotta and Mrs. Stella Kellogg Haines, who are the founders of the school.

Creatore, the Italian band leader, will render a program at his Odeon concert, Tuesday night, February 23, which will contain several new compositions in which the creative spirit of Creatore will have untrammeled play. The concert will be the musical event in St. Louis of the leap year month.

The Burton Holmes lectures at the Odeon will begin Friday, February 5, and Saturday, February 6, continuing for three successive weeks on the same days. Under the comprehensive title, "From Broadway to Behring Sea," Mr. Holmes will present the following individual subjects: "The Yosemite Valley, Nature's Scenic Masterpiece;" "The Yellowstone Park;" The Grand Canyon of Arizona;" "Alaska (1) Through the Fjords to Sitka and White Pass," and "Alaska (2)"Down the Yukon to the Klondyke and Cape Nome." Mr. Holmes' reputation as a photographer is a guarantee of the illustrative excellences of his lectures. He was accompanied on his travels by Oscar Bennett Depue, who has no equal as a motion picture maker. The still pictures will be magnificently colored, and there will be some colored moving panoramas. Last summer Mr. Holmes traveled more than 17,000 miles to the wonderland of the United States, which he is making the theme of his lectures this year.

A combined lecture and recital was given at Conrath's Conservatory of Music last Monday evening. It was attended by the usual large and select audience. Prof. Louis Conrath opened the recital with a piano solo, rendering Chopin's "Ballade in A flat Major" in a masterly manner. Mr. E. R. Krogger spoke interestingly and entertainingly on the "Great Classic Masters," depicting their styles and telling of their influence upon the progress of music. A soprano,

## The Mirror

solo by Mrs. Louis Conrath and a vocal duet, from "Carmen," by Mrs. Louis Conrath and Prof. Carl Becker, completed the program.

Mr. John Drew will appear at the Olympic Theater next week in "The Second in Command," a play in which he starred two years ago.

"The Silver Slipper," with the famous "champagne" dance, is the next attraction at the Century Theater, beginning Sunday night.

"Happy Hooligan," the clever farce comedy, which comes to the Imperial Theater Sunday matinee and next week, is one of the brightest and best entertainments of its kind ever staged. It has attached to it a corps of pretty girls that are a wonder to the theatrical profession. For adorned beauty, symmetry of form, radiance and brilliancy, the "Happy Hooligan" girls are without peers. There are no eye-sores, scarecrows, grandmothers or spectres in the chorus of this attraction, but there is a concinnity, a delicacy and a refinement about the young women of the chorus which make them veritable Venuses, Hebes and Narcissuses, when attired in the glittering and gorgeous sartorial confections which the management has, with

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## A GREEN HAND

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, tells an interesting story illustrative of the way in which American workingmen cherish the standards of their handicraft. He believes that this zeal in upholding ideals of what constitutes good work permeates all classes.

With one of the section gangs of the Great Northern a raw recruit was set to work cutting weeds and otherwise cleaning up the right of way on either side of the tracks. The new man worked hard, but, of course, was subjected to critical attention on the part of the rest of the gang.

The division superintendent happening that way on his bicycle talked to the foreman.

"Pat, how's the new man?" was asked.  
"Oh, he's all right on straight work," was the reply, "but when it comes to trimmin' up 'round a telegraph pole he ain't in it, at all, at all."



*He—"Do you know, dear, I was just upstairs looking at baby, and I believe she has got your hair." She (springing up) —"Good gracious!! I thought I had put that switch out of the child's reach!"—Yonkers Statesman.*



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## STATE POLITICS

The Republicans are evidently uneasy about the aspect of the presidential campaign in Missouri as there seems little doubt that the "strenuous one" doesn't stand as well with the rank and file as he did several months ago, despite the declarations of the committeemen, many of whom are holding good jobs which they owe in a measure to the Federal end of the machine. For this reason the Kansas City Fifth District Republican Congressional Committee has lost no time in calling a convention to select national delegates. It is hoped that Kansas City, which is the home of the original Roosevelt Club of the United States, would not be placed in the attitude of now being divided on the question of the Presidential nominees. And it is also hoped of Kansas City Republicans that their early endorsement of Roosevelt would do much to kill off sentiment for Hanna elsewhere in Missouri. They have called the convention for January 28.



The apparent development of the Hanna presidential boom, which moved the Republican State Committee to call an early convention for the selection of the four delegates at large to the National Convention, is also cutting a figure in the race for chairman of the State Committee. There is a hurried effort to stifle opposition to Roosevelt, and no Republican who has leanings toward Kerens, or is even occupying a non-committal position in the State's party conflict, will have a chance, unless Kerens should capture the convention despite the machine. Frank D. Roberts of Kansas City has been considered, in the most favorable position for the chairmanship, but Doctor Christy, who is also a candidate, had some friends, and no little evidence of support, when the State Committee met in St. Louis recently. It was thought that Roberts, being a Federal office holder, would not meet with the favor of the rank and file, but it is a case of making sure of getting a Roosevelt man for chairman by hook or by crook. The present committee and other Republican leaders who are for Roosevelt, cannot afford to take chances. Walter S. Dickey of Kansas City, an admirer of Col. Kerens, the Hanna boomer, had a good chance to become chairman, but the open move made by Kerens at the State Committee meeting, killed his chances. Now Dickey can neither become chairman, nor can he "make" the National delegation as a member of the "big four." Dickey is outspoken for Roosevelt, but it is feared the Hanna men might induce him to change his mind. If there is any doubt at the last minute it is not at all improbable that Mr. Akips will try to hold on, although he is said to be anxious to resign.



"Kerens may be a National Committeeman, and he may have a certain amount of a certain kind of influence in National politics, but the presidential feature of the campaign in Missouri shows him up as a rather poor politician," said a well known local Repub-



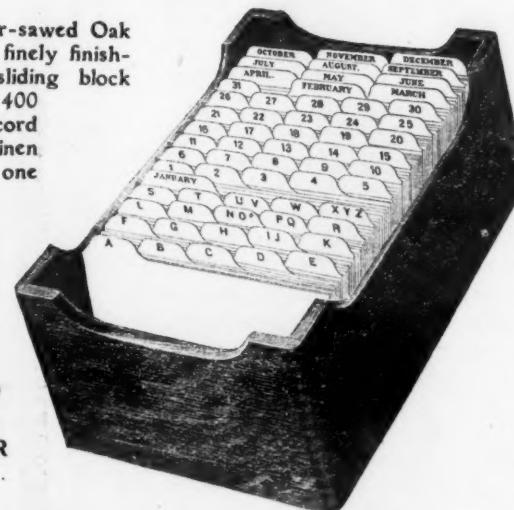
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IN EVERY RESPECT.

## The Mirror

lican the other day, a man who knows. "He has been disastrously slow in getting to work, if he intended to storm the Roosevelt stronghold in this State, though his opportunity was good. His letter read to the State Committee by John B. Owen, reveals the fact that he was caught not only napping, but in a stupor. It reads as though it were written on the fly. And why was a letter necessary at all? Why hadn't he been working on the committee before that late hour? Why all over the North, especially in Wisconsin, Hanna men have been hustling for weeks, and here in Missouri they have only begun to wake up. There is no doubt Hanna is popular with the Republicans of Missouri, and had they only known, men of prominence elsewhere, and in their own State, favored him, they would have gone to work to give him a chance with the delegation. It looks now as though it were too late. The State Committee has placed the party in such a position that appeals from Hanna constituents will be met with the query: 'Why didn't you speak up before we declared ourselves?'

Some heavy work and active wire pulling is being done by several cities in order to capture the Democratic and Republican Conventions that will nominate the State tickets. As usual, Jefferson City is out for the Democratic pow-wow, and would like also to have the Republicans as guests. St. Louis and Kansas City are also after these two conventions, but the presence in both of gubernatorial and other candidates, it is thought, will interfere with the claims set forth by their respective delegations for the convention. Sedalia may also enter the contest to secure the Democratic convention, but it is believed now that Jefferson City has the best chance. As to the Republicans, they may give Kansas City the honor of both conventions. If the Democrats hold three separate conventions—for national delegates at large, judicial and State officers, three different cities probably will be chosen.

Since the last session of the Legislature havoc has been played with the Republican minority in both branches of the Assembly, and there will be at least nine vacancies from resignations, to be filled. Among those of the lower house who have given up their seats are John P. Tracy, of Springfield; Herman Dietrich, of Livingstone County, who gave up his seat in order to accept a consulship in British Guiana; Sam O'Fallon, who fell into a better berth with the Federal government at Washington; Representative McPherson, of Lawrence County, and Arthur G. Hildreth, of Adair County, who is now a resident of St. Louis. Of the senators who are considered as retired are: Senators Smith, Matthews, W. P. Sullivan and Jesse L. Jewell.

Colonel Robert P. Williams, the incumbent State Treasurer, has entered the race for the Democratic nomination for Governor, and the boom his friends have launched, while it hasn't devel-



oped strongly in all parts of the State, is reported in some districts to be rather favorably received. Colonel Williams and regard him as a conservative candidacy while on a recent visit to his home in Fayette County. Many prominent business men throughout the State are admirers of Treasurer Williams and regard him as a conservative politician and official. It is on their advice, he says, that he decided to enter the gubernatorial contest. He claims to have assurances of support from all sections of the State. Mr. Williams has made a good record in the treasury and has a clean party record. As a campaigner he is said to have no superior in his party. Another incumbent official, Attorney General Edward C. Crow, is reported in a receptive mood for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Despite the fact that Mr. Crow has not—as he promised in a message from Redlands, Cal.—given a decision as to whether or not he would be a candidate, a Crow press bureau has been put in operation, sending out literature urging his claims for the Governorship.



"Uncle Enoch, you must be considerably over a hundred years old."

"Yes, suh. Hunnud an' fo'teen."

"Born in New Orleans, I think you said."

"Yes, suh. Dat's whah I wuz bawn."

"You were a slave, of course?"

"Yes, suh. I'se de oldest livin' Loo-siana purchase."—*Chicago Tribune*.

### THE END

I asked a laughing little lad,  
"What is the end of all this fun?"

His upturned eyes grew wide and sad,  
He answered, "Gee! I just begun!"

I pose that when I have to die

If I am good I'll prob'y go  
To heaven—I dunno jes' why,  
But anyhow ma told me so."

I asked a solemn clergyman,  
"What is the end, sir? Can you tell?"

He answered pompously, "I can!"

For Christians, heaven; for sinners,  
hell!

Repent, ere yet it is too late;

No longer let black sin besmirch  
Your weary soul; see! yonder gate  
Leads to the one and only church."

I asked a soul without a name—

With paint upon her stolid face:  
"What is the end of all this shame?

What lies beyond this primrose pace?"

She paused a moment—from her hand  
The wineglass fell, and then she  
laughed;

"The end?" she sneered, "a bed of sand,  
And possibly a marble shaft."

I asked a sage, "What is the end?"

He shook a head as white as snow  
And calmly answered me, "My friend,

You ask in vain—I do not know!"

This was the answer of the seer,

And, hopelessly, I turned to go,  
The echo ringing in my ear:

"I do not know—I do not know!"

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

## Kneipp Linen-mesh Underwear

If you knew the value  
of pure linen next the  
skin, you would insist  
on having KNEIPP  
LINEN MESH—not a  
so-called linen under-  
wear which is 40 per  
cent. cotton.

FOR SALE BY  
Scruggs Vandervoort and Barney  
Dry Goods Co.  
Send for samples and instructive booklet

### New and Popular Books.

The Deliverance, Glasgow; My Friend Prospero, Harland; Holt of Heathfield, Mason; Courtship of Miles Standish, illustrated by Christy; Infection and Immunity, Sternberg; The Masterfolk, MacFall; The Russian Advance, Beveridge; The Triumph of Life, Payson. Also full line of paper novels, magazines and periodicals. Subscriptions taken for all publications at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,  
806 Olive street.

"SAYS"

Some forty years ago New Yorkers were noted for the purity and simplicity of their English. Now all that is changed. Long ago a New Yorker would tell the oft-repeated sad story, as follows: "On my way home last evening I met John Smith. He invited me to go to the theater with him. I told him I had promised my wife to be home for supper, but he would take no excuse. We talked the matter over, and at last he prevailed upon me to go with him. We enjoyed ourselves at the theater, and had a good time when the play was over. Reaching home in good spirits, I found my wife in a very bad humor. She was still angry this morning. I'm afraid she will never be herself again."

In these days of progress he tells it, or rather says it, thus:

"Pegging for my flat last evening, I found myself up against John Smith.

"'Hands up,' he says.

"'What for?' I says.

"'For the show,' he says.

"'No,' I says. 'Can't go,' I says. 'I promised my wife,' I says, 'to be home for supper,' I says.

"'How old is Ann?' he says.

"'Chestnuts!' I says.

"'Rats!' he says. 'You can see your wife every night,' he says, 'but you can't see a show every evening,' he says.

"'Chase yourself,' I says.

"'Not much,' he says. 'You're pinched!' he says.

"'Well, all right,' I says. 'I'll go,' I says.

"So we took in the show, and took in some more when it was over. Close-hauled on the reach, I managed to fetch the shebang. My wife, she says, 'Where were you?' she says.

"'At the show,' I says.

"'You're the show,' she says.

"'Come off!' I says.

"'You're a brute!' she says. 'Git out of my sight,' she says.

"'Take the "L" road,' I says. Then she made a dive for the broomstick.

"Now if she went for the gun or the carving-knife, I'd have gone to bed, but when she started for the broomstick I knew there was something doing. So I ran down stairs and across to Molloy's.

"'What's the matter?' he says.

"'I'm between a stone fence and a dog's nose,' I says.

"'I guess you'd better take the stone fence,' he says.

"'All right,' I says.

"'Better than a broomstick,' I says.

"'Oh, oh,' he says; 'I tumble,' he says.

"'You've beenثار?' I says.

"'You bet!' he says.

"Then he gave me the stone fence, and after that gin cocktails galore."

This is no exaggeration—it's just what he says. He always says "he says" or "I says" at the end of everything he says, except when he says "she says."—*W. in the New York Sun.*



Senator Allison of Iowa, famed for his conservatism and his compromises, was at a dinner party a few nights ago. Along in the evening, after the game had been served and the glasses filled

several times, an admirer of the Senator came over to him, put his hand on the senatorial shoulder and said, between sobs: "Allison, if you had ever in your life hit a man a good stiff punch in the slats and called him out of his name a few times you would have been President of the United States."



TRUST COMPANY'S SPLENDID SHOWING.

Report of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company for 1903 Shows a Prosperous Year.

Nothing so forcibly illustrates the solidity, financial resources and conservative management of St. Louis banking institutions as does the annual statement of conditions just issued by the Mississippi Valley Trust Company. This report covers the operations of the calendar year 1903, and its perusal cannot fail to impart the liveliest gratification, not only to the fortunate stockholders of the company, but to its depositors as well. A recapitulation of its leading features at this time will prove both interesting and instructive. The resources of the company are placed at the magnificent total of \$25,728,992.57. The capital stock paid in, \$3,000,000, and the surplus fund, \$3,500,000, remain at the same figure as for the calendar year 1902, but the item of undivided profits on hand has increased to \$1,745,098.72, an increase during the last year of \$270,695.53. During the year 1903, dividends were paid to stockholders at the rate of 16 per cent, as compared with a 12 per cent disbursement during 1902, the total amount thus paid being \$480,000 in 1903 as against \$360,000 in 1902. The actual cash in its vaults December 31, 1903, was \$1,034,304.31, while the item of cash, checks, sight drafts and due from other trust companies and banks stands at \$5,842,480.80. Its total time, savings and checking deposits amount to \$16,219,533.80.

The Mississippi Valley Trust Company now ranks among the world's greatest financial institutions, and the ability and conservatism of its management have gained it an enviable position and standing abroad as well as in the United States. A striking evidence of this fact was shown in its selection by the British Government as the Fiscal Agent of the Royal British Commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. This is in effect a compliment of the highest nature from the most powerful and financially conservative nation of Europe.

The leading merchants and capitalists of the city compose the Mississippi Valley Trust Company. They give its business the same close attention as their own and its direct managers get the benefit of their experience and judgment in all transactions.

They have built up their own business enterprises and made a success through a safe, conservative policy and are thoroughly conversant with all affairs of the Trust Company. They do not approve or indulge in reckless speculation and the same policy is pursued by the Trust Company. Their interest

**ALOE'S  
NEW  
HOME**

IN THE OLD  
POST-DISPATCH  
BUILDING

**513**

**OLIVE STREET**

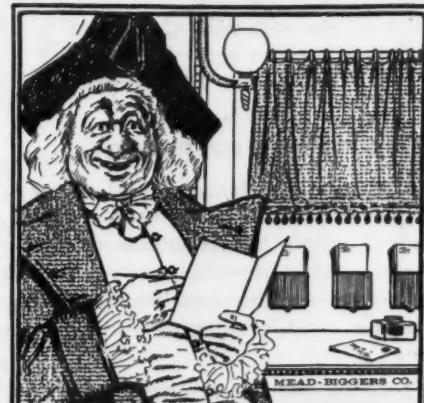
in it is in itself an assurance of profitable, prosperous business along lines recognized by the trained, substantial merchant and financier.



• WHISTLER AND ROSSETTI

There was some discussion the other day as to whether Rossetti was greater as poet or as painter. Arguments on subjects of this nature are usually unprofitable; there is no balance yet invented that will weigh in opposite scales a sunset and a sonata, a poem and a picture. But one recalls an appropriate story of the late James McNeill Whistler which is peculiarly germane to this matter and worth relating. They say that Rossetti one day showed Whistler a sketch for a picture and asked how he liked it. "It has good points, Rossetti," said Whistler; "go ahead with it by all means." A few weeks later he asked how the work was advancing. "All right," said Rossetti, cheerfully; "I've ordered a stunning frame for it." Some time afterwards Whistler dropped in at Rossetti's studio in Cheyne Walk and asked to see the new picture, which was brought out in the magnificent frame. "You've done nothing to it since I saw you, have you?" asked Whistler. "No-o," replied Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you would like to hear it. Of course the visitor agreed, and the poet-painter recited some lines of singular tenderness and beauty. He had scarcely finished when Whistler broke in with, "Rossetti, take out the picture and put the sonnet in the frame."

—*Manchester Guardian.*



THE KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL

BIG FOUR!

St. Louis to Cincinnati.  
St. Louis to New York.  
St. Louis to Boston.

My Dear Wife:

"I am in the Library Car on the Knickerbocker. Is it not wonderful that I can write a letter while the train is running 50 miles an hour? The track is very smooth."

TICKET OFFICE,  
Broadway and Chestnut Street,  
W. P. DUNNE, Chief A. G. P. A., St. Louis.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry.  
CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,  
204 N. FOURTH STREET.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.

### THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

There is a shop in Arcady  
Where only brave men fare;  
True lovers, of their misery,  
'Tis they adventure there.  
A full moon is the sign that swings  
The ivied lintel o'er,  
And Turtle doves with rosy wings  
Ye seekers over-bold,  
For here the great magician dwells  
Who makes new hearts from old.

The white smoke curls, the brazier glows,  
Fly in and out the door;  
Yet ware of witchcraft, signs and spells,  
The red flames rise and fall;  
Strange potions blent of joys and woes  
Gleam weirdly from the wall;  
The black cat stares and winks and purrs,  
The cauldron shakes and steams;  
What time the crafty wizard stirs  
His rose-hued brew of dreams.  
Now cross yourselves for very fear  
Of awesome wonders done—  
The great magician toileth here  
Who makes two hearts as one.

There is a shop in Arcady—  
Would I could find the way  
To bear Belinda's heart with me  
And to the master say:  
"I pray you, sir, with wit and art,  
Your keenest magic set;  
Make me a loving tender heart  
From this of a coquette."  
Upon his sign the full moon burns—  
I dare his mystic hold,  
Sir Love, the alchemist who turns  
A tinsel heart to gold.  
*—From The Delineator.*

### A SECRET OF POETRY

A question of interest at least to the innumerable makers of rhyme and amateurs of prosody has recently been under discussion by correspondents to the London *Spectator*. Just how did Keats hit upon the exact wording of his famous line:

Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn?

The various readings of the line have suggested this curious train of reasoning to a correspondent to the last issue of the paper:

Sir—It is perhaps a shame to give away the secrets of poetry; but the secret of Keats's line (see *Spectator*, December 19, p. 1080) is simple enough. Poetry is not only a web of the ideas and images evoked by words; it is also a web of sound, a system of echoes, not only in the obvious forms of rhyme and single alliterations, but in subtler sequences and variations. R. L. Stevenson has somewhere illustrated this very happily. In the present instance the a variation of vowels. When Keats had got so far as

"Of . . . seas, in faery land forlorn," and was spying and listening for the image and sound that would just fit the blank, he first heard, as the MS. shows, the word "keelless." This gave a fine romantic image, and in some ways fitted into the web of sound. It caught up the K sound with which "casement" begins, caught up also the swish of the foam

that had begun to sibilate in the same word, and made it more intense by stopping it against the S of "seas." Moreover, in "keelless seas," with its repeated E sound, he had a parallel to the repeated O of "opening" and "foam." But this effect was not altogether happy, and the word stuck instead of running. Then, as he turned it over, the L in "keelless" began to assert itself, and to call to the rest of its group in what follows, and partly in what had gone before, for he had already played F, P, F in "ofttimes," "opening" and "foam." L and S, then, the second half of "keelless," were to remain, but P or F, and R, were called for. Then the word shone out, more romantic still in suggestion, but doubly magical because of this group of sounds in it, PeRiLouS. P was better than the aspirated labial F, because F is twice given in what follows, and is already present in "oF." Thus we get "of PeRiLouS seas in Faery Lands FoRLorn."

neglecting minor echoes. And the vowel-sequence, from the close vowels in "perilous" to the opener in "faery lands," and the opener still in "forlorn."



### MECHANICS' BANK EXPANDS

Increase of Business Compels Removal to More Commodious Quarters.

The wonderful prosperity St. Louis has been enjoying and the rapid expansion of business, has compelled the Mechanics' National Bank to seek larger quarters. On or before February, the Mechanics' Bank will be located in the Colonial Trust Company's building, Broadway and Locust, having secured a ten-year-lease at a rental of \$25,000 per year. The new home of the bank was formerly occupied by the Colonial Trust Company, but after the latter's consolidation with the Commonwealth Trust Company, it became the quarters of the United States Trust Company, which subsequently retired from the field. The bank's new building contains 12,000 square feet, whereas the Mechanics' present home has but 6,000. The new quarters are already thoroughly fitted for banking purposes, having several modern steel vaults, so that little or no delay in transacting business will be experienced by the bank's patrons. The Mechanics National Bank is recognized as one of the city's foremost conservative financial institutions. For seventeen years it has done business at the present stand, Fourth and Pine streets, and it is to-day regarded by the various mercantile and other business men of the city with a degree of confidence that amounts almost to reverence. The Mechanics' has always had an able and courteous roster of directors, officers and clerks, which, with the sound character of the institution, has done not a little to increase its influence and business in the community. Mr. R. R. Hutchinson, its present president, is a talented, safe and popular man of finance, who has also done a great deal to advance the interests of the bank.



A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the col-

## The Mirror

R. L. MAUPIN, President.

PROGRESS OF

J. A. NORTON, Secretary.

### The North American Investment Co., of The United States.

FOR ITS FIRST TWENTY-ONE MONTHS.

#### ASSETS:

April 1, 1902,  
\$125,000.00  
July 1, 1902,  
\$134,549.47  
October 1, 1902,  
\$145,354.02  
January 1, 1903,  
\$177,995.47

April 1, 1903,  
\$237,279.39

July 1, 1903,  
**\$276,832.63**

October 1, 1903,  
**\$348,634.65**

January 1, 1904,  
**\$414,721.27**

**\$200,000**

Deposited with Treasurer  
of the State of Missouri  
for the protection of investors.

### HIGH- GRADE BONDS SOLD.

Deposits accepted in sums  
of \$1.00 per week and over.  
Interest 5 per cent per annum.  
Interest and principal payable in gold.

For Particulars Call on or Address the General Offices of the Company,  
ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

## After Baby Comes

there is nourishment for both convalescent mother and nursing child in

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S  
Malt-Nutrine**  
TRADE MARK.



It is an already digested food easily retained by the most delicate stomach. It restores health and strength—supplies the nutriment needed—builds flesh and tissue.

A real malt extract—not an intoxicant; contains less than 2% of alcohol.

All druggists sell it. Prepared by the

**Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n**  
St. Louis, U. S. A.

lege dining tables at which sit a dozen students. One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it, and exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crisp it that way! How does she do it?"—*Youth's Companion*.



Diner—Waiter, there is a slight mistake. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of 1884 Pommery.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

"You have brought me some Pommery of last spring and a chicken of 1884."—*Christian Register*.



Winkle—"I have been over in England visiting the nobility." Van Antler—"What did you think of our American girls?"—Ex.

Elsie—"There's a man at the door, pa, who says he wants to 'see the boss of the house.'" Father—"Tell your mother." Mother (calling down stairs)—"Tell Bridget."—*Philadelphia Press*.



Giggton is always making love to some married woman."

"Yes, he believes that where there is a steady demand for a good article, it ought to be supplied."—*New York Life*



Sergeant: "What did you arrest this man for?"

Officer Keegan: "For his own safety, Sergeant! He was too drunk to protect himself and insisted on going home."—*Puck*.

## WHITE HOUSE DAY

WASHINGTON, January 13.

On rising this morning the President put his head out of the window to ascertain the temperature, and an arrow pierced his nose, transfixing it against the shutter.

"Did you mean that, Kermit," he inquired, twisting his mouth as nearly as he could in the direction whence the missile proceeded.

"Sir," answered his offspring, "it was entirely intentional." The President's enthusiasm knew no bounds. "That boy will make a soldier!" he exclaimed, as Loeb withdrew the arrow and collected cobwebs wherewith to stanch the bleeding.

Mrs. Roosevelt, rudely awakened from her slumber by the base ball game on the roof, dreamily exclaimed: "Oh, those boys!" and donning her wrapper proceeded to make the waffles for breakfast. Mrs. Roosevelt is nothing if not domestic in her tastes, but the descent of an avalanche of snow down the chimney caused her to change the meal and recommence her task.

"What color is that snow, ma?" cried a voice through the flue. Mrs. Roosevelt is also nothing if not maternal, and being always anxious to add to her children's pleasures, answered: "White, dear."

"No it ain't; it's water-color now," facetiously responded the junior member of the family. Secretary Loeb was immediately telephoned for and detailed to cable this latest bon mot to Ambassador Choate in order that the latter may repeat it to King Edward, with whom he is having a pig's feet supper to-night.

"A pigs' fete?" suggested Theodore, Jr., and the wires are once more set in motion. Upon the President proceeding to business he was informed that his private office had been turned into a handball court by Archie.

"That demonstrates his activity," said Mr. Roosevelt, in gratified tones; "we will work in the southwest room." That, however, it was explained to him, had been utilized for the starting point of a toboggan slide by Colonel Montgomery and Ethel. As Theodore, Jr., was engaged in playing steeplechase with the clerks in the main office, there was nothing left for the President but to retire to a vacant hall bedroom in the White House, where the most important business of the day was hurried over in order that he might join in the pastimes of his family. To-morrow is reception day, and Kermit, who is becoming very inventive, has instituted a novel game entitled "Snowballing the Ambassadors," from which much recreation is anticipated. Miss Roosevelt punched the bag for an hour this morning, boxed with her father for fifty minutes, swung clubs and performed dumbbell exercise for the rest of the morning, and after lunch, having spent two hours in the gymnasium, took the four o'clock train for New York in order to attend Mrs. Astorbilt's cotillion this evening.—*Town Topics*.



Secretary Shaw brought to a recent cabinet meeting a Western newspaper,

**1/5 OFF**

We wish to impress  
upon the public  
that our

**1/5 OFF**

## 20% DISCOUNT SALE

Is bona fide. We have not advanced prices in order to meet the reductions. We always did and still mark everything we have on sale in plain figures, and challenge anyone to show a single article where the price has been altered on account of this special offer.

### The One-Fifth Reduction is Taken From Our Regular Marked Price.

Make your spring selections in Carpets and Curtains now. We will make them up and hold them for future delivery. You will then avoid the spring rush and get the benefit of this discount.

**GEORGIA-STIMSON**  
FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.,  
616-618 WASHINGTON AVENUE.

which had a large headline, "Rough Rider Incarcerated." The article told of a fight in Arizona in which one of Colonel Roosevelt's former soldiers used a pistol with more or less deadly effect and was promptly put in the lock-up by the deputy marshal. The President read the headlines. Before he made any comment, Secretary Hay asked softly: "Mr. President, doesn't that create a vacancy somewhere in the government service?"



### THE GOVERNOR'S DILEMMA

Gov. Van Sant, of Minnesota, arrived one day in New York and went to a hotel. Shortly after a former resident of that State called and was shown up to his room. He found the Governor sitting in a chair surveying with a gloomy countenance a trunk which stood against the wall.

"What's the matter, Governor?" asked the caller.

"I want to get a suit of clothes out of that trunk," was the answer.

"Well, what's the difficulty—lost the key?"

"No, I have the key all right," said the Governor, heaving a sigh. "I'll tell you how it is. My wife packed that trunk. She expected to come with me, but was prevented at the last moment. To my certain knowledge she put in enough to fill three trunks the way a man would pack them. If I open it the things will boil up all over the room and I could never get half of them back. Now, what I'm wondering about is whether it would be cheaper to go out and buy a new suit of clothes or two additional trunks."



"Aren't there some jealousies in your progressive euchre club?" "No, indeed," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "when we buy prizes we are always careful to select things that no one really wants, so that the winner will not be an object of envy."—*Washington Star*.



In passing: *First Scot*—"What sort o' menister ha'e you gotten, Geordie?" *Second Scot*—"We seldom get a glint o' him; six days o' the week he's enveeble, and on the seventh he's incomprehensible."—*Tit-Bits*.



### BIG FOUR

St. Louis to New York.  
St. Louis to Boston.  
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:

"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

TICKET OFFICE,  
Broadway and Chestnut Street,  
W. P. DEPPE, Chief A.G.P.A. St. Louis.

## The Mirror

### WHERE TO INVEST

The old saying so often used by those who are opposed to life insurance—that one has to die to beat the game—while not founded on fact, has never been so thoroughly refuted as it has been in the successful, almost marvelous development of the North American Investment Company of St. Louis, which is now doing business in no less than eighteen States and Territories.

The North American has not only proven to thousands who are sharing in its profits, that it is not necessary that they should die to realize upon their investments, but is actually maturing and paying these profits to the living, and provides the means for them to accrue a fortune or give a start in life to their children.

It does not deal in life insurance, but applies to the investment business, the principle of life insurance. So that thousands of professional men are thus enabled to make from their income investments that will insure them a competence, a sure and at all times accessible income.

The plan of the company consists of the sale and issue of gold bonds, payable in gold coin or currency, at the pleasure of the owner. Each bond is of \$500 denomination, and is an eight-year contract, with provision that the company may call and pay it at any time after three years from date of issue, at its accrued value, which amounts to the return of the investment, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, compounded quarterly. In addition to this 5 per cent the bond holder participates in the surplus earnings, and discounted cash surrenders, partial paid-up bonds lapses, fines and transfer fees.

The investor may buy any number of these bonds at an annual cost of \$52 each, payable annually, semi-annually, monthly, or weekly. These bonds are rendered specially profitable and attractive, because all surplus earnings of the company are placed in a common fund, and compounded at interest for the investor's benefit.

The company is thoroughly responsible. It is composed of men whose honesty and integrity and ability are assurances of success. The money of investors is not used in reckless speculation, but is conservatively handled and invested in the very best securities, such as Government, State, County and City bonds, and in the best stocks and bonds of well known, well managed, successful, profit paying companies. It is not only through these sources it acquires the funds necessary to pay the 5 per cent on its own bonds. It has all these, and in addition, the other advantages of the insurance companies, such as lapses, paid up, or partially paid-up, bonds, fines and transfer fees, and cash surrenders to draw upon, and no deaths to pay for.

That this plan of investment has grown rapidly in popular favor is evidenced by the progress of the company in the twenty-one months of existence. On January 1, 1903, its assets amounted to \$177,995.47, and on January 1, 1904, the report shows them to be \$414,721.27, an increase of \$236,725.80. The plan,

while not original with the North American Company, has had its first real great success under their management. The only other company doing a similar business has been for eleven years in the field, and yet its assets are only \$500,000.

Were the North American Company not composed of honorable and successful business men, the laws of Missouri would be sufficient to protect those doing business with it, for the statutes provide that whenever the company's liability on its outstanding gold bonds exceeds \$100,000, the company must deposit with the State Treasurer on January 1 or July 1 each year, a sum, in addition to its previous deposit, sufficient to cover the excess liability. The amount now on deposit with the State Treasurer is \$202,330.00. This is the strongest security required of any company engaged in similar lines of business. The immensity of the business transacted by the company may be realized from the number of its agencies or branches. It has three in St. Louis, two in Chicago, two in Minneapolis; and one each in Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, Lynn, Cambridge, Detroit, Grand Rapids, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Ogden, St. Joseph, Mo., East St. Louis, Oklahoma City, Topeka, Little Rock, Hot Springs, Wichita, Springfield, Mo., Sedalia and Cape Girardeau.

The officers are: R. L. Maupin, president; O. F. Pearson, vice-president; Dr. Bransford Lewis, second vice-president; J. A. Norton, secretary; G. L. Williams, treasurer; H. B. Cocke, auditor, and Claud D. Hall, attorney.

**Husband**—When I see all these bills I am tired of life. Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be out of debt? **Wife** (cheerfully)—Why, not, darling? You know that you are carrying an exceptionally large life insurance.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

**After the wedding:** "But they told me you had money." "And they buncoed me into thinking you were rich." "Well, what's to be done about it?" "Let's fall in love just for spite."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

### OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK  
David Belasco presents  
**Mrs. Leslie Carter**  
in his new play  
**DU BARRY**  
Regular Matinee Sat.

THIS WEEK,  
Henry W. Savage offers  
**Raymond Hitchcock**  
in the new comic opera  
by Henry Blossom, Jr.  
and Alfred G. Robyn  
**The Yankee Consul**  
Regular Matinee Sat.

THIS WEEK,  
John C. Fisher's stupendous  
\$50,000 Production  
**The SILVER SLIPPER**  
by the authors of  
"Florodora"  
The Sensational  
Champagne Dance.  
Samuel Collins and a  
Company of 124

Next Monday evening  
Chas. Frohman presents  
**JOHN DREW**,  
In his greatest Comedy  
Success  
**The Second**  
In Command.  
Reserved seats Thurs.

Next Sunday Night,  
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**The SILVER SLIPPER**  
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## The Mirror

21

### ENTERTAINING THE KING

People who are privileged to play host and hostess to the King have a good deal more to go through than is imagined by those who merely glance at the descriptive reports in the papers, and admire the successful and satisfactory way in which everything has gone off. In truth, a royal visit, if it reflects a certain share of honor and glory on those to whom it is paid, entails also on them a very real amount of worry and trouble.

The first anxiety of the host and hostess is naturally the selection of those to be invited to meet the illustrious visitors. Not only has the name of every guest to be submitted for approval, but it is the usual custom for the King to signify his wishes as to who should be asked to meet him. It is not even deemed necessary for the host to be already acquainted with them. It is true that certain of the great ones of the land, with, perhaps, an old-fashioned idea of what is due to themselves as hosts, have from time to time objected to invite perfect strangers to meet royalty under their roof.

The personnel of the party being at length fixed, elaborate preparations have to be made for the actual housing of the royal guests. Painters, paperhanglers, and so on, are busily at work all over the house for some weeks beforehand, and most special and particular attention is paid to baths, water supply, and sanitation generally—a precaution which has been strictly and invariably observed ever since the disaster of 1871, when the Prince of Wales was brought to death's door through a sojourn in a badly drained house in Yorkshire.

Preliminary anxieties are not, of course, ended when the house, from attic to cellar, is ready for its august guests; but all is at length ready, let us hope, and the royal party arrives at the house.

When Queen Victoria visited any of her subjects it was by no means a matter of course that people staying in the house should have the privilege of sitting down at table with their august fellow-visitor. It was her majesty's custom not only to take with her to the house where she designed to "lie" (as the old phrase was) for a night or two her own bed and bedding, carriages, horses and servants (including occasionally her cook), but also to confine herself at meals to the company of her own suite, sometimes inviting her host and hostess to join her at luncheon or dinner.

Such ultra-royal exclusiveness as this was never the habit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, nor is it now in their changed and more exalted position. The first meal of the day is invariably served in the royal apartments; of course, on shooting and racing days, or on the occasion of any public function, luncheon is usually taken abroad. But at "the great event of the Englishman's day," as some one calls dinner, they are always present at the table of their host, together with the whole house party.

Certain points of etiquette there are which differentiate such dinners from the usual evening meal of the English

country house. As to dress, for example, it is understood that even at private entertainments at which the Queen is present the ceremonious knee breeches and silk stockings are worn instead of the ordinary nether garments of the English gentleman.

A story is told of how a certain baronet, who was privileged to entertain for the first time the Prince of Wales at his board, sedulously provided himself with the necessary articles of raiment (as he conceived them), and so arrayed met his royal guest in the hall of his house. The Prince, emerging from his brougham, advanced with his own gracious smile, and grasping his host's hand, addressed him thus: "Go upstairs, my good fellow, and put on your trousers; those things are not worn, you know, unless the Princess is with me." Up flew Sir H.—to his dressing room; off went the offending knee-breeches; on went the orthodox continuations, and the host was downstairs again before his august guest had reached the door of the drawing-room.

The party being duly mustered in whatever apartment it is customary to meet before the evening meal—it is unnecessary to say that every one must be in the room before the royalties enter it—and the banquet being announced, the procession is marshaled, but not in the usual order. The King and Queen go in first to the dining room, escorted by their host and hostess, or if the King alone is present, he leads in the lady of the house. At their own table their majesties sit not at either end, but in the center of one side, and the same order is observed, as a rule, at dinners where they are guests. The menu is choice and (above all) short; for the King hates long dinners, and the gargantuan bills of fare provided by too many hosts he cannot endure.

One curious detail of the arrangement of a royal dinner party must not be forgotten. Finger glasses at dessert must be conspicuous by their absence; and in cases where royalty is entertained for the first time, the host is generally notified beforehand of this point of etiquette. Most people know its origin—the old Jacobite custom of holding the wineglass over the bowl when the King's health is proposed, and contriving in this way to toast, not the actual and reigning monarch, but the Stuart King "over the water." The present Prince of Wales is said to have expressed himself opposed to the perpetuation of this quaint tradition; but it was invariably observed in the case of dinner parties given to the older generations of English royalties. The writer of this article remembers a dinner at which Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck) was present, and at the end of which a finger bowl was set before her royal highness, but before no one else at table.

The allotted days of the long-anticipated, anxiously prepared-for visit pass quickly away. "The last saraband has been danced in the hall" (as poor Whyte-Melville sang long ago); the last dinner has been eaten, and (let us hope) duly appreciated by royal palates. The morning of departure arrives; a cheer from

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Nodd—"Wilkins has had a lot of trouble with his wife, hasn't he?" Todd—"Yes. Why, I believe it was on her account that he had to separate from his typewriter."—*Town Topics*.

Wantanno—"At which joint did your friend have his arm amputated?" Dunno—"That's a mighty disrespectful way to speak of a hospital."—*Baltimore American*.

## The Mirror

### THE STOCK MARKET

Intense, dreary dullness characterized the stock market of late. In the narrow movements of leading stocks there was absolutely nothing of special interest or import. The market is still in the doldrums, because it is utterly, oppressively, professional. The public takes little interest in proceedings. It is apparently sitting on the fence, calmly awaiting more exciting developments, which, according to the fixed notions of some not necessarily unsophisticated observers, are fast approaching. Certainly a change in the character of trading is pressingly needed. This sort of market we are now having is enough to throw any speculator endued with the true spirit of gumption and daring into spasms of dismal despondency.

Why does the market refuse to go up, since, barring the boresome political bugaboo in the Far Orient, speculative influences are for the nonce decidedly in favor of the bullish contingent. Money is encouragingly easy; surplus reserves are comfortably large; deposits are, for the first time in many months, above loans; currency is still flowing from the interior to New York; news from the Pittsburg district is more hopeful; exports continue large, so why, in the name of Jupiter Morgan, is Wall street still accursed with a dragging, featureless market? Transactions have been astonishingly small of late; last Saturday's record reminded one of the stupid, profitless sort of trading Wall street had to put up with in the gloomy days of "sixteen-to-one-or-bust."

May be it is the forthcoming United States Supreme Court decision in the Northern Securities case which is so woefully checking trading and forcing room traders to content themselves with "scalping" operations for a plebian pittance of an eighth or a quarter. There are some "cheerful idiots" who stubbornly cling to the theory that the highest Federal tribunal will uphold the validity of the merger in the Northwest, or, if not exactly that, at least order a material modification of the decision in the lower court. They may be right. However, what's the use conjecturing regard-

ing this perplexing matter? We will all be enlightened by and by.

The Rock Island bond plan has been announced. While it gives slight suggestion of a recrudescence of conservatism in the heads of the directors, yet it is fraught with sinister possibilities, with various opportunities for conscienceless juggling of shares and bonds. The present management may have good intentions, but does not seem to be acting on good financial principles. The Rock Island system has grown wonderfully in the past few years. It has absorbed various other lines, among which the St. Louis & San Francisco is the most important. Vast improvements have been perfected. All this, however, does not do away with the adamant fact that the company's capitalization has been tremendously inflated, that, through the employment of a remarkably shrewd artifice, common shareholders have been made practically helpless, control being lodged in a majority of preferred stockholders, and that there is some disquieting mystery connected with that item of the report which speaks of advances to subsidiary companies amounting to more than \$30,000,000.

It is to be hoped that the financial management of the Rock Island system will hereafter be more in accord with the dictates of conservatism. The shareholders have, of recent times, not been treated and protected as they should have been. They have plenteous cause to complain. A true account of Rock Island financing in the last year or so would, no doubt, make most interesting and instructive reading.

There is a better feeling, it would seem, in regard to United States Steel bonds and preferred shares. The wage reductions having been accepted in a meek spirit on the part of employees, it should be possible for the company to earn a surplus sufficient to pay preferred dividends and interest on bonds without serious trouble. A continuation of the record of earnings of the past three months would have made dividends more than problematical. As a matter of fact, the last payment on the preferred shares was not earned. As there appears to be good reason to believe that the iron trade is, temporarily, at least, on the up-grade again, the position of shareholders in the United States Steel Corporation is no longer as hopeless as it looked to be some time ago. Of course, the strong possibility remains that the current improving tendency may be nothing but a natural reaction from the recent extreme level of depression, and soon have spent its force.

Sterling exchange is moving upwards, owing to the prevailing monetary ease in New York. In the last few days, it displayed surprising stiffness. The belief obtains in London banking circles that New York will soon be called upon to ship back, at least a portion of the gold which it procured since October last. The money market over there is still disturbed and subject, ever and anon, to sudden advances, superinduced by the flotation of various large municipal loans. It is intimated that French banking houses are at present heavy lenders in Lombard street.

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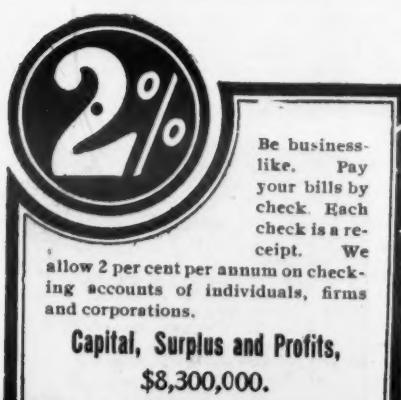
President Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, refuses to give stockholders necessary information bearing upon the financial status of his concern. From his personal and official standpoint he is undoubtedly acting most wisely. That the shareholders will seriously grieve over the recalcitrant attitude of their president is difficult to believe, for they have never been treated with much respect. Havemeyer has always played the role of dictator, and run things to suit himself. Why should shareholders be given any information, when they are in uninterrupted receipt of dividends? Sugar is a great thing, and insiders are playing a great game. It may not be worth 75, intrinsically, yet it maintains itself with ease at its present level of 125.

The manipulators now so insistently at work in various rather obscure quarters of the market act evidently on the belief that conditions are temporarily auguring well for the bull side. As has been intimated in these columns on

previous occasions, the market is a better purchase, for moderate profits, than a sale. There is still a goodly number of people who continue devoutly to worship at the shrine of the golden calf set up by stock gamblers, and it wouldn't take much of an inducement soon to bring them into line again. Of course, it's only the daring, the sensation and excitement hungry, those of the incessantly itching palm, who are ever willing to follow bold manipulators espousing the bull cause.

Wary people who have taken to heart the many costly lessons of the past, discriminative people, who are qualified to distinguish between the trap and the opportunity, will not be disposed to have too firm a faith in the position of a market which is so flagrantly manipulated and led by shares which, in ordinary times, hardly attract serious attention.

The bond list shows decidedly more activity at slowly rising prices. This is a promising symptom, and should provide some bright rays of hope to those



## The Mirror

who are holding stocks bought at high prices and fervently praying for the speedy advent of daylight.



### LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local situation retains its mystifying aspects. While there is no lack of bull sentiment, the purchasing power is not sufficient to bring about a rise in values. Every other day, protagonists of the bull side make valiant efforts to reverse the tide, but invariably without success. Selling pressure is still pronounced on every little rally. The stock that was strong to-day loses all stamina the day following. The market is moving in a bewildering fashion. It is only in the bond list that any degree of strength is noticeable.

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# MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31st, 1903.

### RESOURCES

Loans Undoubtedly Good:	
On Collateral Security—	
Time .....	\$2,171,805.49
Demand .....	5,202,475.43
On Real Estate Security .....	508,621.44
Other Negotiable and Non-Negotiable Paper: :	
Time .....	580,769.40
Demand .....	706,310.36
Overdrafts by Solvent Customers	372.67
	\$9,170,354.79
Bonds and Stocks at Present Cash Market Value:	
County and City Bonds and Territorial Warrants .....	\$2,037,450.86
Bonds of Steam and Electric Railroads in the United States .....	6,705,283.63
Bonds of Commercial and Industrial Corporations (Local, \$524,185.10; Other, \$119,500). .	643,635.10
Stocks of Railroads .....	11,115.00
Other Stocks .....	680,087.50
	10,077,572.09
Real Estate at Present Cash Market Value .....	554,459.57
Safety Deposit Vaults .....	72,000.00
Due from Other Trust Companies and Banks, Good on Sight Draft .....	\$3,908,784.83
Checks and other Cash Items .....	899,391.66
Cash on Hand (Currency, Silver and Other Coin) .....	1,034,304.31
	5,842,480.80
All Other Resources:	
Individual Debits on General Books .....	\$2,347.12
Accrued Interest on Demand Loans .....	9,708.20
	12,055.32
	\$25,728,922.57

### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid In .....	\$3,000,000.00
Surplus .....	3,500,000.00
Undivided Profits .....	1,745,098.72
	\$8,245,098.72
Deposits Subject to Draft at Sight by Trust Companies, Banks and Bankers .....	\$1,773,778.96
Deposits Subject to Draft at Sight by Individuals and Others, including Demand Certificates of Deposit .....	7,798,121.80
Time Certificates of Deposit .....	2,524,992.74
Savings Deposits .....	4,122,640.30
	16,219,533.80
Bills Rediscounted .....	
All Other Liabilities:	500,000.00
Reserve for Reinsurance of Liability as Surety on Outstanding Bonds .....	\$ 42,529.39
Reserve for Interest on Savings Deposits (payable June 10, 1904) .....	11,000.00
Individual Credits on General Books .....	710,760.66
	764,290.05
	\$25,728,922.57

Dividends amounting to \$480,000.00 have been paid out of the Profits of the year.

### To the President and Board of Directors of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company:

Your Committee of Stockholders, neither of whom is a Director, having been appointed in accordance with the by-laws of the Company to make the Annual Examination of all the books, accounts and securities (a similar examination having been made under the by-laws in July last), hereby respectfully reports that it has carefully gone into details of each item as represented in resources and liabilities, and has found the attached statement of condition, at the close of business December 31, 1903, to be correct.

The bonds and stocks owned by the Company in no instance are carried at above the respective market values. The collaterals hypothecated to secure the various loans, and to protect the Company as surety on outstanding bonds, are high grade, with ample margin at current quotations.

We found each and every department of the Company well managed and equipped for the transaction of all business entrusted to it.

There was produced to us and we found in proper place all the securities held in trust by the Company. The securities of each trust are kept separate and apart from those of every other trust, and entirely apart from the assets of the Company.

We desire to express our thanks to the officers and employes for facilitating our examination by the admirable manner in which all accounts are kept and in the systematic manner in which all the business of the Company is conducted.

We congratulate the Stockholders on the splendid condition of the Company.

Respectfully submitted,

DAVID P. RANKEN,  
LOUIS BRINCKWIRTH, Committee.  
THEO. BENOIST,

St. Louis, January 11, 1904.

We have examined the books of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, and we certify that the attached Statement is properly drawn up therefrom and, in our opinion, exhibits a true and correct view of the Company's financial position at December 31st, 1903.

We have verified all the securities held by the Company for its own account and as collateral for loans, and have satisfied ourselves that the loans are fully secured, and the Bonds and Stocks owned by the Company valued at prices not in excess of market values.

We counted the cash on hand, and verified the balances due from other Banks and Trust Companies.

We have also examined the securities held in trust, which are kept entirely apart from the general assets, and in which the Company has no interest, with the books of the Trust Department, and found the same in order.

JONES, CAESAR & CO., Chartered Accountants.

### OFFICERS

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.

W. DAVIESS PITTMAN, Bond Officer.

FREDERICK VIERLING, Trust Officer.

HENRY SEMPLE AMES, Assistant Trust Officer.

WILLIAM G. LACKEY, Assistant Trust Officer.

EUGENE H. BENOIST, Real Estate Officer.

WILBUR B. PRICE, Safe Deposit Officer.

### DIRECTORS

Geo. H. Goddard, Retired.

S. E. Hoffman, Third Vice President.

Chas. H. Huttig, President Third National Bank.

Breckenridge Jones, 1st Vice President and Counsel.

Wm. F. Nolker, Treasurer St. Louis Brewing Ass'n.

Wm. D. Orthwein, President Wm. D. Orthwein Grain Co.

H. Clay Pierce, President Waters-Pierce Oil Co.

Joseph Ramsey, Jr., President Wabash R. R. Co.

Moses Rumsey, President L. M. Rumsey Mfg. Co.

Julius S. Walsh, President.

Rolla Wells, Mayor of City of St. Louis.

Elmer B. Adams, U. S. District Judge.

Williamson Bacon.

Murray Carleton, President Carleton Dry Goods Co.

Charles Clark, Retired.

John D. Davis, 2d Vice President.

Harrison I. Drummond, President Drummond Realty and Investment Co.

Auguste B. Ewing, Retired.

David R. Francis, President D. R. Francis & Bro. Commission Co.

August Gehner, President German American Bank.

be enlarging, but no dividend can be looked for.

Constant Reader—Rock Island preferred should be entitled to a good rise

in the event of general improvement in market values. Both preferred and common act as if insiders were again engrossed in skillful rigging. Expect both

classes to go higher. For speculation would prefer the common, for investment the preferred. The latter appears tempting. You might buy moderately

on a little decline. Read remarks on Rock Island affairs in this week's stock Wall street article.

X. X. X.—Would continue to hold Un-

ion Pacific common. Southern Pacific should rise to your point. Pennsylvania should not be sold short at present, except for quick turns.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

## The Mirror

### THE STOCK MARKET

Intense, dreary dullness characterized the stock market of late. In the narrow movements of leading stocks there was absolutely nothing of special interest or import. The market is still in the doldrums, because it is utterly, oppressively, professional. The public takes little interest in proceedings. It is apparently sitting on the fence, calmly awaiting more exciting developments, which, according to the fixed notions of some not necessarily unsophisticated observers, are fast approaching. Certainly a change in the character of trading is pressingly needed. This sort of market we are now having is enough to throw any speculator endued with the true spirit of gumption and daring into spasms of dismal despondency.

Why does the market refuse to go up, since, barring the boresome political bugaboo in the Far Orient, speculative influences are for the nonce decidedly in favor of the bullish contingent. Money is encouragingly easy; surplus reserves are comfortably large; deposits are, for the first time in many months, above loans; currency is still flowing from the interior to New York; news from the Pittsburg district is more hopeful; exports continue large, so why, in the name of Jupiter Morgan, is Wall street still accursed with a dragging, featureless market? Transactions have been astonishingly small of late; last Saturday's record reminded one of the stupid, profitless sort of trading Wall street had to put up with in the gloomy days of "sixteen-to-one-or-bust."

May be it is the forthcoming United States Supreme Court decision in the Northern Securities case which is so woefully checking trading and forcing room traders to content themselves with "scalping" operations for a plebian pittance of an eighth or a quarter. There are some "cheerful idiots" who stubbornly cling to the theory that the highest Federal tribunal will uphold the validity of the merger in the Northwest, or, if not exactly that, at least order a material modification of the decision in the lower court. They may be right. However, what's the use conjecturing regard-

ing this perplexing matter? We will all be enlightened by and by.

The Rock Island bond plan has been announced. While it gives slight suggestion of a recrudescence of conservatism in the heads of the directors, yet it is fraught with sinister possibilities, with various opportunities for conscienceless juggling of shares and bonds. The present management may have good intentions, but does not seem to be acting on good financial principles. The Rock Island system has grown wonderfully in the past few years. It has absorbed various other lines, among which the St. Louis & San Francisco is the most important. Vast improvements have been perfected. All this, however, does not do away with the adamant fact that the company's capitalization has been tremendously inflated, that, through the employment of a remarkably shrewd artifice, common shareholders have been made practically helpless, control being lodged in a majority of preferred stockholders, and that there is some disquieting mystery connected with that item of the report which speaks of advances to subsidiary companies amounting to more than \$30,000,000.

It is to be hoped that the financial management of the Rock Island system will hereafter be more in accord with the dictates of conservatism. The shareholders have, of recent times, not been treated and protected as they should have been. They have plenteous cause to complain. A true account of Rock Island financing in the last year or so would, no doubt, make most interesting and instructive reading.

There is a better feeling, it would seem, in regard to United States Steel bonds and preferred shares. The wage reductions having been accepted in a meek spirit on the part of employees, it should be possible for the company to earn a surplus sufficient to pay preferred dividends and interest on bonds without serious trouble. A continuation of the record of earnings of the past three months would have made dividends more than problematical. As a matter of fact, the last payment on the preferred shares was not earned. As there appears to be good reason to believe that the iron trade is, temporarily, at least, on the up-grade again, the position of shareholders in the United States Steel Corporation is no longer as hopeless as it looked to be some time ago. Of course, the strong possibility remains that the current improving tendency may be nothing but a natural reaction from the recent extreme level of depression, and soon have spent its force.

Sterling exchange is moving upwards, owing to the prevailing monetary ease in New York. In the last few days, it displayed surprising stiffness. The belief obtains in London banking circles that New York will soon be called upon to ship back, at least a portion of the gold which it procured since October last. The money market over there is still disturbed and subject, ever and anon, to sudden advances, superinduced by the flotation of various large municipal loans. It is intimated that French banking houses are at present heavy lenders in Lombard street.

## St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

Capital and Surplus

**\$10,000,000.00**

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

**LINCOLN TRUST CO.**  
SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.  
**3% on Savings Accounts.**

## WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND & STOCK BROKERS.

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. . . Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET.

ST. LOUIS

H. Wood, President. Rich'd. B. Bullock, Vice-Prest. W. E. Berger, Cashier

## JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES, - - ST. LOUIS, MO

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in  
all parts of the world.

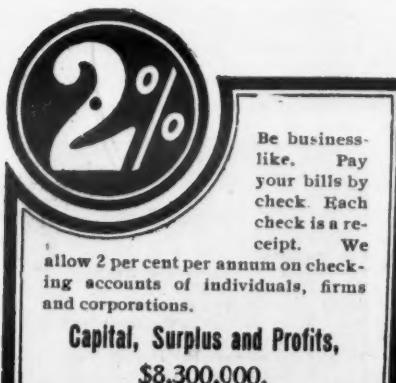
President Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, refuses to give stockholders necessary information bearing upon the financial status of his concern. From his personal and official standpoint he is undoubtedly acting most wisely. That the shareholders will seriously grieve over the recalcitrant attitude of their president is difficult to believe, for they have never been treated with much respect. Havemeyer has always played the role of dictator, and run things to suit himself. Why should shareholders be given any information, when they are in uninterrupted receipt of dividends? Sugar is a great thing, and insiders are playing a great game. It may not be worth 75, intrinsically, yet it maintains itself with ease at its present level of 125.

The manipulators now so insistently at work in various rather obscure quarters of the market act evidently on the belief that conditions are temporarily auguring well for the bull side. As has been intimated in these columns on

previous occasions, the market is a better purchase, for moderate profits, than a sale. There is still a goodly number of people who continue devoutly to worship at the shrine of the golden calf set up by stock gamblers, and it wouldn't take much of an inducement soon to bring them into line again. Of course, it's only the daring, the sensation and excitement hungry, those of the incessantly itching palm, who are ever willing to follow bold manipulators espousing the bull cause.

Wary people who have taken to heart the many costly lessons of the past, discriminative people, who are qualified to distinguish between the trap and the opportunity, will not be disposed to have too firm a faith in the position of a market which is so flagrantly manipulated and led by shares which, in ordinary times, hardly attract serious attention.

The bond list shows decidedly more activity at slowly rising prices. This is a promising symptom, and should provide some bright rays of hope to those



# The Mirror

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

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BRECKENRIDGE JONES, 1st Vice President and Counsel. W. DAVIESS PITTMAN, Bond Officer.  
JOHN D. DAVIS, 2d Vice President.  
SAMUEL E. HOFFMAN, 3d Vice President.  
JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.  
HUGH R. LYLE, Assistant Secretary.  
HENRY C. IBBOTSON, 2d Assistant Secretary.

### DIRECTORS

Elmer B. Adams, U. S. District Judge.  
Williamson Bacon.  
Murray Carleton, President Carleton Dry Goods Co.  
Charles Clark, Retired.  
John D. Davis, 2d Vice President.  
Harrison I. Drummond, President Dru mmond Realty and Investment Co.  
Auguste B. Ewing, Retired.  
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August Gehner, President German American Bank.

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## The Mirror

### THE ST. CECILIA GIRL'S IDEA

"Are you a St. Cecilia girl?" asked one woman of another. "I have been taking lessons, and I advise you to do the same."

The St. Cecilia girl is one who has peaceful thoughts and whose face mirrors her ideas. It is a sort of inner science. You try to be good, because to be good is to be beautiful.

The idea is this: The girl who thinks as she should think, who does as she should do, who walks as she should walk, and who talks as she should talk, is sure to be rewarded. And her reward will be seen in her face.

The St. Cecilia girl rises in the morning and goes to the window. She forces a smile to her lips and takes a deep breath. Then she speaks the word, 'serenity,' slowly, three times—'serenity, serenity, serenity.'

This puts her in a gentle frame of mind and she is ready to dress for the day. Make the experiment yourself. Say the word three times and notice how softly it falls upon the ear and how it rests the brain.

The next exercise is taken in the middle of the morning, and, like the other, it is a word exercise. This time the word is 'tranquility', and it is to be spoken three times, slowly, after one comes in from shopping, or has a trying talk with the cook.

Say 'tranquility' and notice how it rests you. The liquid sound soothes the ear and rests the head.

The third word exercise is taken before the evening meal, be it dinner or supper. It consists of two words, 'joy and happiness,' spoken twice. The words are spoken slowly and with a smile and the effect is magical and electrical.

Immediately the hard expression leaves the face and a gentle one steals over it. The face lights up and one is in a proper frame of mind for dinner.

The nightly words to be spoken before retiring are 'peace and rest.' And the girl who says these words over half a dozen times will fall asleep free from disquieting dreams. They can be spoken in a gentle whisper until the face smooths out and the tired wrinkles disappear.

The line of reasoning is similar to the one employed by the Delsartean. The theory upon which Delsarte himself worked was that the mind and body reflected the spoken word. He believed that the woman who said 'I feel cross' would be cross, while the woman who said 'I feel happy' would be happy.

"Oh, there is a great art in being a St. Cecilia girl, for you have to live a pretty even sort of life and keep your temper down or you can never preserve that sweet-faced look."

And the woman who was trying to keep her temper down smoothed out her wrinkles with her finger tips, forced a smile and walked away.

That there is something in the idea of the St. Cecilia girl is shown by the fact that a woman's disposition is betrayed by the wrinkles on her face.

The envious woman has lines running across her forehead above the eyebrows. These envious wrinkles are caused by

the uplifting of the brows and by the supercilious smile which envious women cultivate.

The melancholy woman's forehead is wrinkled in a peculiar way; she has contracted the habit of lifting one eyebrow much higher than the other. This gives her a set of wrinkles over the lifted eyebrow. Often there will be a mass of furrows over one eyebrow, while the other side is perfectly smooth.

The other mark of the melancholy woman is seen in her mouth, which is drawn down at one side and in.

The woman with a bad temper shows tiny wrinkles that cover the entire face. They are caused by constant distorting of the face and by a petulant expression.

The determined woman has a very disagreeable set of lines. They are in the form of parentheses that enclose the mouth, and there is always a downward droop of the cheeks, caused by the habit of pressing the lips firmly together.

The woman whose lines are already set and who wants to change them can do it by the Swedish method of smoothing them out. It is done with the finger tips, and very gently, for the face cannot stand harsh treatment.

The Swedish method of face culture is the one that develops the tired muscles and stimulates them to perform their duty.

To get the best results from the Swedish treatment, wet the finger tips in salt and water and go over the lines of the face carefully.

Do not treat them roughly, but gently, and in a soothing manner, as though one were caressing a tired child. Treat each little wrinkle in this way, wetting the finger tips repeatedly.

This is to stimulate the skin and to wake up the soft muscles. Five minutes of this treatment in the morning is sufficient.

The nightly treatment for the tired muscles and the wrinkled skin is entirely different. Here the face is treated to a plumping out course.

To do the work thoroughly, take a little saucer of pure oil of sweet almonds, or olive oil, or sweet oil. If you cannot get the good, pure oil easily, then use a very thin cold cream and keep it heated so that it will not harden. Keep it on the fire and try to have a soft, pasty substance all the time near at hand during the operation.

Heat the face a little before beginning by holding it near the fire or by applying hot cloths. Then dip the finger tips in the oil and describe the Swedish movements upon the face.

Go over and over the lines, not leaving out a single furrow. As soon as the finger tips are dry, moisten them again and begin all over. It will take fifteen minutes' steady work.

In thus treating the furrows just imagine that you have in your hand a piece of crinkled paper and that you are trying to smooth it out. Go over each little crease, rubbing across it, precisely as you would rub across a piece of paper, and do not rest until it is all smooth.

Of course the wrinkles will come back again next day. But if you keep on, they will go for good.—*New York Sun*.

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### HE GOT THE JOB

"I was much amused the other day," said an uptown hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around looking for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws and had given up the idea of taking them out.

"When the youngster turned up looking for a job, we thought we would try him out by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way we had begun, picking out the tacks with his fingers and getting the point of every third tack in the ball of his thumb.

"He had enough in about a minute and he straightened up. We began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that he went over to the showcase and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out and the screws were still in the compartment.

He knew that the magnet would attract iron and not brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all the morning.

"We really didn't need a boy, but this chap's smartness appealed to us, and we find him so handy to have around that next Saturday he gets a raise."



"Oh, yes, I've opened an office," said the young lawyer; "you may remember that you saw me buying an alarm clock the other day."

"Yes," replied his friend; "you have to get up early these mornings, eh?"

"Oh, no; I use it to wake me up when it's time to go home."—Philadelphia Press.



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## The Mirror

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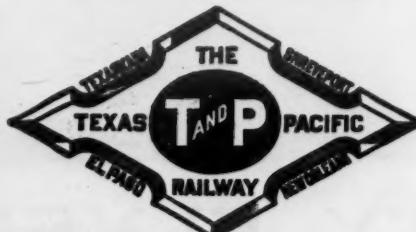
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